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THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

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SOUTH SEAS

Global Glamour

Typical Beauties On All Our War Fronts

Painting by Henry Clive

The Dead Queen Who Ruled for a Day

By HAL WARD

MANY a smart student of political affairs predicts that, when the Nazis and the Japs are mopped up, royalty will climb back on a throne here and there. And that an occasional coronation will lend sparkle and spice to the inevitable round of important, but unspectacular, councils and conferences.

These sideshows in a war-weary world will be elaborate—but downright dull compared to a coronation staged almost 600 years ago.

The center of that all-but-forgotten ceremony was Queen Inez of Portugal. For hours the noble subjects of her realm moved in slow and stately procession to her throne. They knelt, kissed her hand, mumbled the Portuguese equivalent of "your majesty."

Not once during the day-long ritual did the queen move, or speak, or smile. She couldn't—she'd been dead two years.

Portugal's patricians didn't attend this macabre show because they wanted to. They came because they were commanded to do so by Dom Pedro, their king.

They remembered his loveless marriage when he was young and heir-apparent to the throne of his father, King Alfonso the Proud. They recollected his outspoken opposition to an unsentimental merger of money, royal blood and power. And his ardent love for Inez de Castro, one of his wife's ladies-in-waiting.

It became an obsession with Dom Pedro to marry this pretty little commoner and make a queen of her.

When his wife died in childbirth, he achieved the first part of his burning ambition—over the violent and bitter protest of his father and the whole royal family.

The country's nobles sided with the king and looked down their long noses at the low-born princess. She survived their snubs—but not the smouldering, scheming hatred of her father-in-law. She and her three children were murdered in cold blood.

Dom Pedro went into mourning and bided his time. He became king of Portugal in 1357. One of his first moves was to order three of his late father's trusted henchmen brought before him. One of them got away. The other two were slowly tortured to death. Their hearts were torn from their bodies. Thus was the murder of Inez partially avenged.

This was the savage preamble to the most dramatic coronation within the memory of man.

The shrunken cadaver of Inez de Castro was taken from the tomb. It was dressed in royal robes and propped up on the throne reserved for the wives of Portuguese kings. The royal crown was set gently upon the parchment-colored skull. Then Dom Pedro scrawled his imperious signature on a proclamation.

Some of the high-born ladies and gentlemen who obeyed the summons entered the great hall with faces as yellow-gray as that of The Thing on the throne. They looked as though they were going to collapse in their fine clothes. Or be ill.

The set of Dom Pedro's bearded jaws and the icy fire in his black eyes were prods to the squeamish. They knew better than to make any scenes of their own. They moved like absurdly dressed-up sheep filing through an elegant abattoir. They knelt and curtsied as though resigned to a bludgeoning by some invisible butcher.

The noble ladies touched their blanched lips to the hem of the queen's billowing gown. Their husbands didn't get off so easy—they acknowledged the sovereignty of Queen Inez by kissing the wasted fingers of a claw-like hand.

Next day the bluebloods had another engagement that couldn't be declined—they walked in the solemn cortege of one of the most elaborate royal funerals of the Middle Ages.

And not one of the "mourners" was tactless enough to send Dom Pedro condolences on the sudden passing of his beloved consort.

Some of the High-Born Ladies and Gentlemen End Faces as Yellow-Gray as the Lifeless Countenance of The Thing on the Throne — But They Knelt and Kissed the Claw-like Hand.

When Mexicans Become American Baseball Fans They Never Miss a "Jit" or a "Jomron."

Baseball With an Accent

AN American sports writer, visiting Mexico City, was puzzled the other day when a local newspaper friend slapped him on the back and announced:

"You'll be happy to know that the Cafes chalked up eight jits and knocked out two jomrons to beat the Indios today."

"Sorry," apologized the embarrassed American, "but what is this jits and jomrons business? And the Cafes and the Indios, who are they?"

While the Mexican looked amazed another American, who had overheard the conversation, interrupted to say:

"What he is trying to tell you is that the St. Louis Browns chalked up eight hits and knocked out two home runs to beat the Cleveland Indians."

What the sports writer didn't know is that down in Mexico, "beisbol"—as they call it—is, next to bullfighting, the favorite sport. But much of the jargon is different because of the translation of American terms into Spanish.

To a Mexican, it is only natural to call the Browns the "Cafes" and the Indians, the Indios." In the same manner, the Phillies (being—in Spanish—from Filadelfia) are the "Filis," the Detroit Tigers, the "Tigres," and the Chicago Cubs, the "Cachorros."

The word "hits," in Spanish is "jits"—pronounced "heets." The fanaticos beisboleros—baseball fans—call a home run, a "jomron."

"I put my bowl of Wheaties down, and now I can't find it!"

"We can't waste food. I don't start until Mr. Brang finishes his Wheaties."

MUST be that the bus's Guiding Spirit is himself a Wheaties man. He understands the lure of that famous second-helping flavor. Too, he's cooperating with Uncle Sam's request that we eat better breakfasts.

If your morning meal is on the minus side, here's a swell way to help bring it up to par: include big bowls of milk, fruit and Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions". Go-getting nourishment here, Wheaties being flakes of whole wheat.

Free! New "Menu and Shopping Guide" for point rationing. Handy reference list of rationed foods with space for point values. Space for menus. Grocery check lists. To get your pad, mail postcard today to General Mills, Inc., Dept. 893, Minneapolis 15, Minn.

GENERAL MILLS, INC.

by Betty Crocker

Lickity-split BROILED ICING for square cake. You use Wheaties, and just a few nuts. Can be put on while cake is still warm. Tastes delicious!

Mix together
3 tbsp. Butter, melted or softened
5 tbsp. Brown Sugar
2 tbsp. Cream or Top Milk
½ cup Wheaties
¼ cup Chopped Nuts

Spread on warm or cooled cake. Place about 3 inches under broiler (low heat) until mixture bubbles and browns (3 to 5 min.). Watch it, say my staff at General Mills!

• • •

WHOLE GRAIN food values in our Wheaties! Two B vitamins, iron, food-energy. Here's a type of cereal listed in Uncle Sam's "Basic 7 Food Rules". Also second-helping good. So light, crisp, and tasty.

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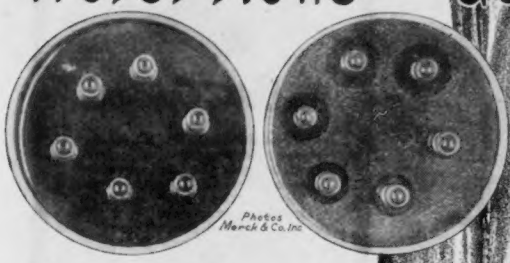
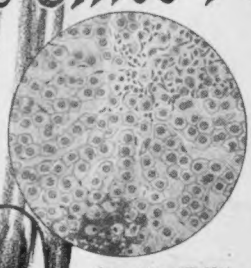
STEP UP the nourishment of your breakfasts, requests Uncle Sam. One delightful way to put more vim 'n vigor into breakfast is this: include big bowlfuls of milk, fruit and Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions". Potent food-values in these famous whole wheat flakes. Also strictly terrific eating! Had YOUR Wheaties today?

Worst News for Germs Since Penicillin



After the Germ-Free Laboratory "Jelly" (Left) Is Seeded With Bacteria, They Multiply Rapidly Everywhere Except in Circles Around the Tubes From Which Potent Streptothricin Seeps.



Typhoid Bacilli, Not Affected by Penicillin, Yield to the New Life-Saving Drug.

The Dysentery Bacillus Also Has Finally Met Its Chemical Master in This New Discovery.

Now Comes Streptothricin, Which Takes Up the Precision Massacre of Our Bacteriological Foes Where the Magic Mold Extract Leaves Off

By GOBIND BEHARI LAL

ADD to the modern medical magic a new chemical that kills germs which neither world-famed penicillin nor the equally famous sulfa drugs can touch.

Streptothricin . . . remember its name . . . for you will be hearing much more about it.

Like penicillin, which is grown by a common mold, streptothricin is formed by a simple organism which flourishes in common garden and field soils. It was first discovered by Drs. Selman A. Waksman and H. B. Woodruff at the experiment station, Rutgers University, two years ago, but was kept quietly secret until its germ-killing powers could be completely tested.

A harmless sort of soil bacteria called Actinomyces lavendulae is the chemical factory that creates streptothricin, just as the mold Penicillium notatum manufactures penicillin.

Even while the nation was watching the dramatic race to produce penicillin on a mass scale, and the Solomon-like decisions of Boston's Dr. Chester Keefer to allot the tiny supplies available to civilians, scientists of the Merck Laboratories were testing the still newer streptothricin on every possible kind of disease germ.

They discovered that 25 different kinds of bacteria would yield to the powers of this new life-saving drug, including germs like those of typhoid and dysentery, which even penicillin could not touch. And they found that streptothricin stopped the growth of the tuberculosis bacillus against which penicillin was powerless.

In fact, it was discovered that the amazing streptothricin attacked both gram-positive and gram-negative germs—the two great categories into which disease organisms are classified.

So-called gram-positive germs are those which turn a purple color when stained with gentian violet dye. Gram-negative germs are those which become colorless, after the dye treatment, when washed in alcohol or acetone.

Penicillin, for all its wonders, attacks only gram-positive germs and thus leaves a great segment of man's bacterial foes free to roam and do their worst.

Many kinds of wound infections, due to war injuries, burns or accidents which do not heal with sulfa drugs or penicillin, can be successfully treated with streptothricin. And it works, too, on the organisms causing dread undulant fever, a disease for which, so far, no effective remedy has been reported.

Tests on laboratory animals show streptothricin is not as harmless as penicillin when taken in huge doses, but it takes more than ten times the amount needed to effect cures, to produce symptoms. Toxic and toxicity are just scientists' terms for poison effects. One of the troubles with the sulfa drugs is that too much of them can make you sick and nauseated. That's the toxic effect.

One major advance about streptothricin is that it can be administered by mouth as well as by injection. Penicillin can only be given with a needle. Streptothricin dissolves in water like common salt. When swallowed, injected into the muscles, skin or blood vessels, it is picked up by the body quickly in myriad ways.

First uses of the new magic drug will probably be for war wounds and the prevention of typhoid and undulant fever.

Only future experiments can show whether tuberculosis and other unconquered ills of man can be effectively treated with streptothricin, either alone or in combination with some other curative agent.

Dr. Waksman points out that no one single drug can probably ever be expected to kill all varieties of disease germs. In fact, drugs like streptothricin and penicillin are not truly poisons to living things. Rather they are what scientists call antibiotics. They interfere with the essential processes of life in a particular germ or a group of germs. Streptothricin and penicillin combined will destroy disease germs which neither alone can kill.

Dr. Alvin F. Coburn, U. S. Navy, compares the use of the new drug to the "precision bombing" of germs. Instead of killing germs by the old-fashioned method of antiseptics which injured the patient's tissues, too, the new method bombs the life mechanisms of the germ's body alone. Damage to surrounding tissues is virtually nil.

One other new germ-killer is in the news, too, the chemical tyrothricin and its components called gramicidin and tyrocidine, discovered by Harvard's Professor Rene Dubos. These chemicals, also coming from soil bacillus, kill disease germs wholesale. But they destroy the body's red blood cells. For surface infections, however, they are truly wonderful.

One thing which none of the new drugs—sulfa, penicillin or streptothricin—can do is attack the infections caused by viruses, those half animate, half inanimate bodies that cause infantile paralysis, influenza, common colds or sleeping sickness.

Yet even here progress comes, for University of Chicago scientists have recently announced a new ultra-violet apparatus that can inactivate infantile paralysis virus in mice. This treated virus can act as a vaccine to prevent polio infection. And it can neutralize the virus of influenza, too.

Fight at the Heart of Man's Once Invincible Germ Enemies Science Now Is Aiming Precision Bombs of Streptothricin, the Wonder Drug That Blasts the Life-Machinery of Bacteria to Smithereens, But Doesn't Harm the Human Tissues They've Invaded.

Woos and Woes of Harassed Mr. (Vanderbilt) Hatch

Bachrach Photo

Claire Mapes Hatch, Rusty's Second Wife, Who, He Charged, Couldn't Cook.

RUTHERFURD (RUSTY) HATCH, who, between marriages, is considered one of the most eligible young men in New York society, is now once more between marriages.

His second wife, the blond and beautiful Claire Mapes, of Alabama, has just divorced him.

Rusty did not attend the proceedings. He has no idea what she told the judge. He says he isn't interested.

"Not because I'm not sorry," he is quick to add. "I was crazy about Claire when I married her a year and a half ago. I wanted to make that marriage a success.

"But I couldn't do it. The thing went haywire, and I'll lay you a thousand to one that whatever reason she gave the court wasn't the real reason—or, at least, what I think is the reason."

He's right. Claire convinced the Alabama judge that the crack-up was the result of Rusty's "extreme cruelty."

He thinks it was caused by his grandmother, who has been dead for years.

She was the great Mrs. Willie K. Vanderbilt, Sr., one-time queen of New York society. Rusty believes that her name has haunted him ruthlessly.

He is also haunted by a dream, which keeps getting tangled up with the Vanderbilt ghost.

In this dream, he lives anonymously and blissfully in a suburban stucco house. He sees himself bolting breakfast, dashing for the 8:15 commuters' special, arriving at his office and working like a beaver all day long.

Home again in the evening, he sinks into an easy chair, while his wife—"a simple girl with simple tastes"—bustles around, laying out his slippers and getting supper.

That, to Rusty's way of thinking, would be the ideal life. And that, alas, is exactly the way he has never been able to live.

Instead, debutantes began hounding him as soon as he got out of knee pants, and then, like a leaf, he was caught up and whirled about in the treacherous currents of New York cafe society.

During wedlock, he found himself dwelling, not in his dream house, but in swank apartments; out of wedlock, in equally swank hotels or the Princeton Club. His days were rendered practically useless by his nights, which, as a rule, were devoted to what passes in the bistro belt for fun.

All very depressing and all, in his view, the fault of his grandmother.

That magic name of hers, Vanderbilt, has been black magic to her grandson. Wherever he goes he hears it whispered. "There goes Rusty Hatch," people say. "He's a Vanderbilt, you know."

If Frank Sinatra is The Voice, Rusty Hatch is The Name. Girls look at him dewy-eyed, but they seldom see him. They see the word Vanderbilt, in a pair of pants.

When he woos one of them, she doesn't anticipate what most people think of as marriage. She anticipates a Vanderbilt marriage, which is not only entirely different, but, according to Rusty, entirely out of this world.

As a result, disillusionment sets in quickly. Less than a year after their wedding, his first wife, the New York debutante, Shirley Davis Spaulding, hit the sawdust trail for Reno.

Rusty went to Reno, too, but not because of Shirley. He roared out of the East like young Lochinvar in reverse to catch Socialite Jean Bennett on the rebound from her husband, Russell A. Wallace.

However, by the time he arrived, she had already been caught, by a cowboy named Warren Holton. Rusty engaged Mr. Holton in a couple of rounds of light fisticuffs, and then, reconciling himself to doing without Jean, headed for Claire Mapes and Alabama, with a banjo on his knee.

If he had been an ordinary young man, nobody would have paid much attention to these meanderings. As it was, metropolitan papers palpitantly told his every move.

His bourgeois dream seems to have been as strong upon him when he married Claire as, he believes, the aristocratic Vanderbilt dream was strong upon her.

This was evident when their differences were given a preliminary airing in the New York courts a year later. She painted one of the gloomiest pictures of night club life yet exhibited, and he, through his attorney, Aaron E. Koota, of 475 Fifth Ave., New York, accused her of being a bum cook!

Had it not been for the glamour of The Name, he thinks she wouldn't have been attracted to him, and in that case he might have got himself a practical, or culinary, spouse, instead of the purely ornamental type.

"But even that's not the worst of it," he says today. "For all I know, it might be a lot of fun to be a rich Vanderbilt. There might even be something in being a Vanderbilt without being rich, or even being rich without being a Vanderbilt. I wouldn't know, because, you see, I'm neither!

"Right now, what money I have is all tied up in litigation. I'm trying to make some more by hard work. And as for the Vanderbilt part of it: my mother wasn't one—she was born before grandmother happened to marry old Willie K.—so, of course, I'm not one, either.

"In fact, when you get right down to it, I don't think I ever met a real, honest-to-goodness Vanderbilt!"

How do you like that for frony?

Rutherfurd (Rusty) Hatch and the Shade of His Grandmother, Mrs. Willie K. Vanderbilt, Sr., Whose Name Haunted Him All His Life.

Down Upon the Mogul's Stand With Its Simpering Jap Officials and Treacherous Quislings Roared the Maddened Herd. "He! He! Kill, Lords! Kill!" Screamed Chorn Lek, as the Mighty Dome-like Heads Crashed Into and Over It.

The LONG ROAD BACK

No. 3—The King's Mahout

THAI means the Free People. Yet Thailand, or as it was once known, Siam, is one of the countries overrun by the Japs.

Though quislings control much of that fabulous country, the little people hate them, more than 90 per cent of them being pro-Ally.

In fact, though the Japs use in their vernacular propaganda the word Mahamit (meaning Great Friend), the Thais have a careless way of pronouncing it when they talk to Japs. They call them Mamit, which means "Dog of a Friend."

For they have a well-developed sense of humor, a quality not possessed by the Masters of the Co-Prosperity Sphere of Asia.

All Thai roads lead to Bangkok, the Venice of the Orient, where most traffic is carried by klaungs, or canals, and where small tributaries of the great Me Nam river connect towns and villages and their millions of flooded paddy fields.

Not far from Bangkok, up the Me Nam, is Ayuthia, one-time capital of the country where, in the royal keddah or corral, was collected the pick of the great annual elephant hunt, and where was celebrated the festivals of the White Elephant.

The white elephant isn't white, but a pallid gray with leprous-pink spots. His eyes are blue and pig-like, for he is an albino. He is not large, half-way between the Indian and Malay tusker.

In old times the Siamese thought a lot of the white elephant and only the king could own one. Anyone capturing, bringing safely and without injury to Ayuthia a white elephant would be created noble and likely as not receive as his bride one of the daughters of the king's 47 wives.

Then a general holiday would be declared and the white elephant would be decked out in silks and gold until he got used to it.

He was then taken to the royal stables and fed on luxuries for the rest of his worthless life.

But he was never worshiped. The Thais are Buddhists, those who are not still Brahmins. No, the white elephant is a symbol of Thai, just as the eagle is the symbol of the United States.

Back before the war there were more than 10,000 elephants working in Thai, and more than 8,000,000 bullocks and buffaloes. Still, every year, the King had an elephant hunt, when all the hunters and the King's mahout went into the jungles and captured as many as could be used. Then the rest were freed for the next time.

The Japs didn't forget the powerful Thai elephants when they took over. It is to be expected that hundreds of them are toiling away down south on the Kra isthmus where they are trying to run that canal across the Malay peninsula and put Singapore out of business.

But one buck-toothed jigaboo made his big mistake with Thai elephants and Thai men, according to recent information that reached the outside world through Burma.

He'd been drinking and smoking opium with the Thai quislings, and learning what he could about the manners and customs of the country. The people had been mighty difficult; many of them were Sino-Chinese, and he wanted to do something to improve morale and also to feather his own nest a bit.

THAT'S how he came in touch with Phra Chorn Lek, the King's mahout. Phra means Lord, and Chorn Lek was a big shot although the Japs didn't know that. Furthermore, he was a saked man. That means, he bore the sak, or mark, of a royal retainer, on his left side.

That Jap decided to have a grand elephant hunt, and Chorn Lek was ordered to take charge.

So Chorn Lek collected about 20 of his mahouts and talked with them for a long time. Then they made offerings to certain ancient gods who had nothing at all to do with Buddha.

They got together about 200 beaters who would help round up the beasts. Those 200 worked about the great keddah in Ayuthia, and especially the pavilion in the middle of it, from where the elephant Mogul watched the business of cutting out the bulls after they were corralled.

They started out from Ayuthia and crossed the Me Nam, making their camps in the jungles. Each mahout had his own group of men with their fires and bamboo stages from which they watched for the beasts. About ten days later

The Ruthless Jap Juggernaut Could Conquer But Not Enslave the Ancient Warrior Peoples of the Eastern Seas; And Now It Can Be Told How They Waged a Savage Underground Struggle With Parang and Kris and Subtle, Age-Old Cunning to Prepare the Way for Our Eventual March on Tokio

Most Traffic in Thailand Is Carried by Klaungs, or Canals, Where Many People Spend Their Entire Lives, Fearing to Venture on the Perilous Land.

natives reported three herds in the foothills.

The Japs didn't know that this, the beginning of the monsoon season, was a bad time to collect the Lord Elephant because they would be thin, thirsty and savage.

It took four days to get the 20 tame beasts around the scattered animals, and two days more before they were collected into a herd of 150.

Then began the slow move south to the river. The 200 beaters worked between the tame elephants, firing gaspipe guns and smashing gongs to keep the wild ones moving. And Chorn Lek gave orders that the tuskers should be let go.

"We keep just the big tuskless ones," he ordered. "For they are the real fighters."

Scouts went forward to advise the Jap and he was delighted at the great herd coming. He telephoned Bangkok and invited great men and mighty quislings to view the beasts.

WHEN the herd arrived at the river they were in a bad mood. Several calves had been taken out and their dams were furious. The old bulls were slamming their trunks at one another and charging the wise, old tame ones.

But the river helped. Roaring, they charged into its muddy shallows. About 400 yards away the canoes and houseboats of the people formed a distant barrier. Gongs clanged and people sang out that the old times were returning.

Chorn Lek would only let the elephants rest an hour in the water. Patiently, his animals nudged the wild ones up the south bank and into the narrowing funnel of stout teak posts that led to the narrow gate of the royal keddah.

The beaters took positions outside the posts which were two feet apart, and yelled and beat their gongs to keep the beasts moving. Once a bull whirled and charged at Chorn Lek's mount, but his animal lowered its head and rushed straight at the bull. There was a flurry, a frantic scream, and the bull rolled in the dust.

The people were ganging about the keddah and Chorn Lek frowned as he saw that. He called orders to his beaters and they moved among the natives, clearing the boundaries.

By this time the first beasts were crowding about the narrow gate to the stockade. This was a small inverted V barrier that lifted by a derrick to admit one beast at a time into the keddah. A tame beast entered first and a few wild ones followed.

The Jap entered the camp that night.

"Tomorrow you will pick out and hobble the beasts," he ordered. "I shall be watching from the Mogul's stand, with many influential people. If anything goes wrong you will be flogged."

At dawn the beasts were bellowing angrily, and the air was red with dust from their stamping.

When morning came the Mogul's stand was decorated with little flags, and the grinning Jap officials sat among their Thai quislings.

The elephants ganged at one end of the keddah and the Mogul's stand was an island in the centre, an island on posts.

"Is all ready?" Chorn Lek was riding his beast, a helper with a pole and noose following behind him.

"Ai, Lord. They are fed pepper and salt—but no water."

"All is ready outside?"

"The people are far away, and that which is ordered is ready."

THE 20 beasts filed into the keddah. Between the posts Chorn Lek could see Japs.

A big, wild bull charged, and two tame beasts took him, hustling him to the south of the keddah. The beaters were on the outside of the corral with gongs and gaspipe guns.

Under Chorn Lek's signals, the wild animals were shoved and driven to a solid mass, with the Mogul's stand between them and the river a half-mile away. They became restless, for they could smell water and kept trying to break towards it. But the tame beasts kept them back.

Then the 20 beasts filed on each side of them, leaving an alley for the herd to the island.

Chorn Lek lifted his hand.

Suddenly, from the river, came shrill, pig-like squeals. The wild cows yelled in return, butting fiercely at the beasts in front of them. Simultaneously, gongs slammed behind them, and guns roared.

"He!" yelled the mahouts, driving goads into the beasts.

They began to move, the cows ahead, trunks curled over their heads, bellowing anxiously. Then the bulls shouldered forward with their shuffle, and the tame beasts pulled in behind.

The beaters ducked between the posts, firing and yelling until the great herd, a solid, resistless mass, drove towards the Mogul's stand.

THE Thai quislings saw their danger first and screamed like cats as they scrambled to get out of danger. But it was too late.

The mighty dome-like heads crashed into the posts and over them. The cunningly sawn timbers snapped like carrots, the great shoulders heaved up the pavilion—and it collapsed. Thais and Japs tumbled among the crushing feet of the maddened beasts.

"He! He! Kill, Lords! Kill!" roared Chorn Lek, driving them ahead.

It was only a few minutes before the elephants were a surging mass beyond the smashed timbers and there were many dull, tumbled, reddened heaps in the sand. The keddah posts broke before them and they thundered toward the river, followed by the 20 mahouts clinging, like monkeys, to their swiftly shuffling beasts.

In less than an hour they were across the river and lost in the jungle.

The Japs have never realized that the stampede was organized by a band of heroes.

Some of the remaining quislings might have told them, but too many of those noblemen have been dying of the upas poison lately, and they're mighty nervous, for the elephant men are a powerful clan.

Many mahouts deserted when they heard the tale of the Ayuthia keddah and they took their beasts with them to live as outlaws in the jungle. But they will return when the time comes. As it is, whenever a small Jap garrison gets too far from base they are likely to be attacked by wild elephants who charge like devils out of the shadows. Some have reported wild, naked men riding their necks, but that, of course, is stupid peasant superstition.

They say there were tigers up along the Burmese border, too.

And when it is all over, Bangkok will again be the Venice of the Orient, and the Burmese border will be a peaceful place, with the long railroad to Singapore carrying trade and taking out rice for the persecuted peoples of the Archipelago.

Next week's article will tell how the old pirates of Palawan, in the Sulu Archipelago, were organized to prey on Jap ships.

Two of the Sacred White Elephants of Thailand. They Are Not Really White, But Albinos With Pinkish Spots and Blue Eyes

Siamese Temple Dancers, Trained From Childhood in the Ancient and Intricate Rituals They Perform on Fete Days.

Look... Softer, Smoother Skin

with just One Cake of Camay!

MRS. JOHN H. RIDLEY
of San Diego, Cal., says:

"Camay's mild lather helped my skin look lovelier—the very first cake I used! And now, when friends ask me about my skin care, I suggest the Camay Mild-Soap Diet."

Tests by doctors prove—Camay is really mild!

COUNT ON IT . . . your complexion will grow fresher, more radiantly soft and appealing . . . with just *one cake* of Camay! Simply change from improper care to the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET. Doctors tested this care . . . on over 100 complexions . . . on girls with skin like YOURS! And the very *first* cake of Camay made most complexions simply bloom! Made them softer!—fresher!

. . . it cleanses without irritation!

These tests proved Camay's *mildness* . . . proved how it can benefit skin. *"Camay is really mild,"* said the doctors, *"it cleansed without irritation."* No wonder the Camay Mild-Soap Diet brings such striking improvement to complexions! So get Camay and see how *one cake* can bring fresh new radiance to your skin.

Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

Take only one minute—night and morning. Cream Camay's mild lather over your face—nose, chin. Rinse with warm water. Give oily skins an extra C-O-L-D splash.

That's all—and you'll find your skin looks lovelier with your very *first cake of Camay!*

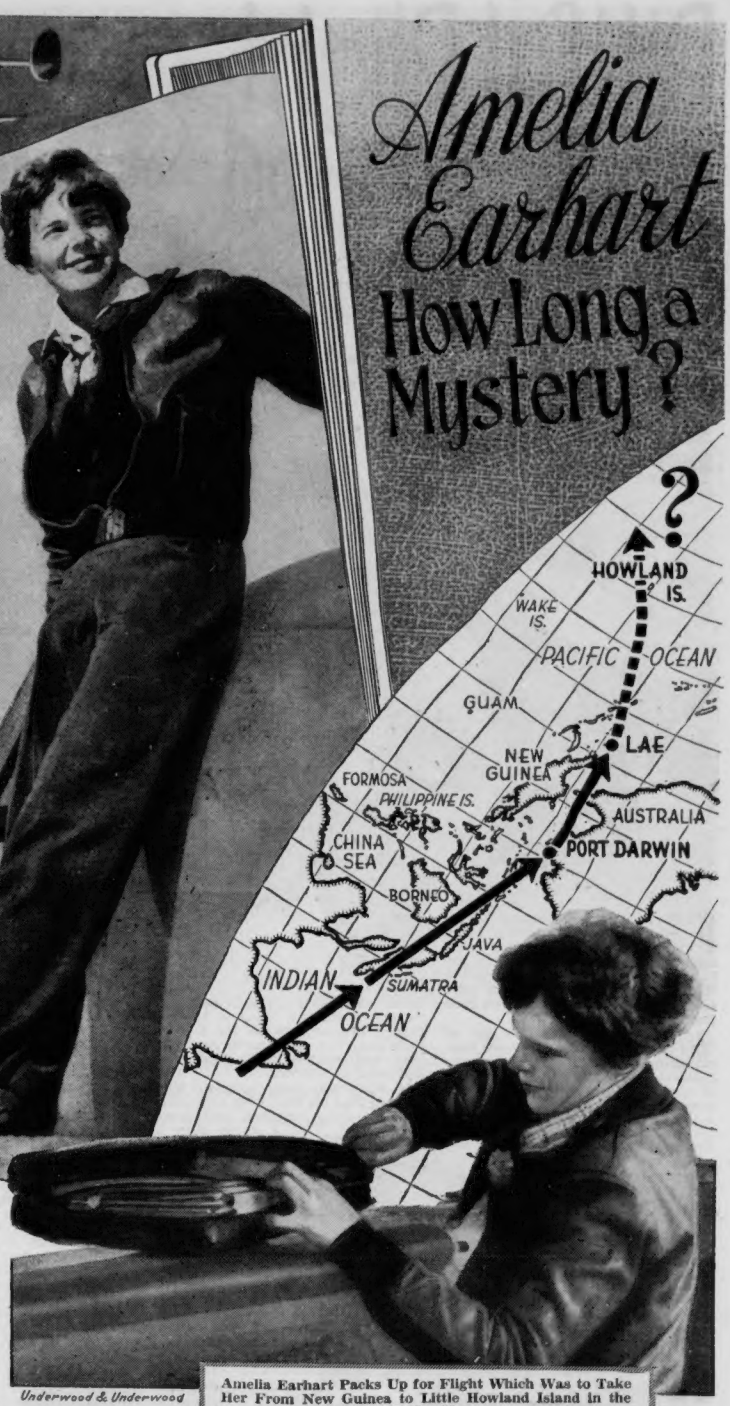
Make your precious Camay L-A-S-T and L-A-S-T! Enlist all your family in a soap-saving campaign, for vital war materials go into soap.

Amelia Earhart

How Long a Mystery?

Underwood & Underwood

Int'l



Does an "Earhart Album" Found on Saipan Indicate That America's Foremost Aviatrix Was Shot Down by the Japanese While Flying Over One of Their Secret Island Bases?

Underwood & Underwood

Amelia Earhart Packs Up for Flight Which Was to Take Her From New Guinea to Little Howland Island in the Mid-Pacific.

THE discovery on captured Saipan Island of an album filled with pictures of Amelia Earhart has aroused more than academic interest in a question which may not be answered until after the war:

Did America's foremost aviatrix fly over Japanese mandated islands during her transpacific hop in 1937 to make a survey of the Japs' secret island bases, and if so, was her $80,000 "flying laboratory" shot down by the Japs instead of being lost at sea?

There is even the possibility, advanced by Dr. M. L. Brittain, president of song-famed Georgia Tech, that the wiry, durable aviatrix is still a prisoner of the Japs on some Pacific isle and may be rescued one of these days by a contingent of the same advancing U. S. Marines, such as those who found the collection of snapshots in a seized barracks.

So far there has been no proof that the album, which was stuffed with photos of the flier in her sports togs, had been carried on the big ship in which she and her navigator, Fred J. Noonan, left Lae, New Guinea, for a 2,556-mile jump to tiny Howland island in the mid-Pacific. This was the most perilous leg of a round-the-world flight with nearly three-quarters completed.

However, Dr. Brittain and several others feel that there must be some definite connection between the album and the disappearance of the Earhart plane on July 2, 1937.

Even last February, long before the pictures added their evidence to a constantly increasing suspicion, Representative James J. Heffernan of Brooklyn, N. Y., demanded an Army-Navy search for the missing aviatrix among the Jap-held Pacific islands.

He suggested that Miss Earhart might have been forced or shot down while she was flying over the Marshall Islands, which the Japanese were fortifying, despite their assurances to the contrary.

Dr. Brittain, who, with several other university presidents, was a guest aboard the battleship Colorado on a Pacific cruise, said that President Roosevelt had radioed the Colorado to join the wide search which other Naval vessels were making for the Earhart plane.

"On board," he said, "the officers were discussing the number of persons that had attempted vainly to discover whether the Japs were building airfields and fortifications on isles that they held in the Pacific.

"We got a very definite feeling that Miss Earhart had some sort of understanding with government officials that the last part of her voyage around the world would be over some Japanese islands, probably the Marshalls, which were only a little north of an airline from New Guinea to Howland Island, where she was to refuel."

The interest taken in her flight not only by American officials, but also by the British, New Zealand and Australian governments, tended to bear out Dr. Brittain's belief. Flotillas of the several governments were sent into the Pacific expanses to join in the widespread search.

But the Japanese Government maintained an enigmatic silence.

The public was informed at the time that the Coast Guard Cutter Itasca, which was waiting near Howland Island, had received a sputtering radio message that the plane was approaching but was running out of gas. Much later, however, the confidential files of the cutter showed that Miss Earhart's communications with the vessel did not conform at all with the previously arranged plan.

Some officers expressed the belief that the message had been faked or that Miss Earhart, made a prisoner by the Japanese, had been forced to radio a false position to the Itasca.

After we invaded the Marshalls, Lieut. Eugene T. Bogan, a former New York tax lawyer, and Lieut. James Toole, of Washington, said this story was told them by a mission-trained native named Elieu:

"Ajima, a Jap trader, said three and a half years ago that an American woman pilot came down between Jaluit and Ailinglapalap Atolls and was picked up by a Japanese fishing boat crew. She was taken to Japan."

Saipan is far north of the Marshalls, but it was pointed out that she might have been detained there for a while. No clue to the fate of Noonan, her navigator, has ever been found.

The disappearance of Miss Earhart was a distinct loss to aviation. In addition to her last and greatest venture, she was the first woman to fly the Atlantic, to fly the Atlantic alone, to fly the Atlantic twice, to fly an autogyro, to cross the United States in an autogyro, to make a transcontinental non-stop flight, to fly from Hawaii to the United States and to receive the Distinguished Flying Cross.

One of her first backers was George Palmer Putnam, New York publisher, whom she married on Feb. 7, 1932. If she should be discovered alive, Putnam would be in a strange position. The publisher, now a Major in Army Intelligence, was made administrator of her $27,000 estate after she was declared legally dead in January, 1939. Four months later he and Jean Consigny James were married.

Pitiful Plight of those Impoverished Peers

Long on Ancestors But Too Short of Cash to Live in Their Castles or Look for Work, So They've No Place to Go But Gaol

When the Police Came to Arrest Lady Irene Crawfurd (Right), She Ran Up the Stairs and Did a Strip-Tease at the Top, Throwing Her Clothes at the Constabulary.

LONDON.

FROM his cell in Wormwood Scrubs Prison, Clotworthy Wellington Thomas Edward Rowley maintains that the worst thing that can happen to any man is to inherit a title without benefit of cash. And Clotworthy, etc., ought to know. He's Lord Langford.

Londoners, looking at the list of titled personages who also have been occupying Wormwood Scrubs' musty cubicles in recent years, are inclined to agree that acquisition of a title in these days of confiscatory inheritance taxes is no guarantee that a peer will live happily, or even within the law.

In Clotworthy's case, poverty is nothing new although prison is. As a high-born, personable, reckless but very impecunious youth, he floated through Irish society with the aid of loans, touches, gifts and a faulty memory. When his girl friends appeared with a new piece of jewelry, his habit was to ask to examine the trinket. Then he would drop the jewel into his pocket, remarking gaily:

"This is so beautiful I want to show it to a friend. I'll give it back to you the next time I see you."

In 1922, when he was 37, Clotworthy—who preferred to be known as Tom Rowley—married a red-haired waitress and then skipped to Canada, leaving her behind. At one time or another, he has been a pantryman, a groom, a gardener, a farmhand, a cattle drover, a rancher, a night watchman, a land agent, a fruit picker and once a concert singer.

The Noble Lord Langford, Ex-Fruit Picker and Deckhand, Ignobly Defrauded His Friends of $200.

His uncle died in 1931, and Clotworthy Wellington Thomas Edward Rowley became a baron, the seventh Lord Langford. He was in Australia then, and returned to England as a deckhand on a liner.

It didn't take Lord Langford long to learn that his title, with no income attached, was more of a curse than a blessing to him.

"Now that I'm a baron," he complained bitterly, "I can't even get a job."

The charge that put him in Wormwood Scrubs for four months was obtaining money under false pretenses. He let it be known that he had $20,000 worth of gold and silver plate in Ireland, which he was about to sell. On the strength of this imaginary windfall, he borrowed $150 from the Earl of Normanton and $50 from Major Norman Leith-Hay-Clark.

His counsel insisted that the story was too fantastic for any person to believe, but the court refused to agree.

Similar misfortune befell the Duke of Manchester, a direct descendant of Drago de Monte Acuto, who came to England with William the Conqueror. The Duke, who has been an actor, journalist, captain of the Yeomen of the Guard and a Privy Councillor, and who once challenged the ex-Crown Prince of Germany to a duel after an argument in a Mayfair hotel, found money to be very elusive.

Although he owns three castles, the Duke said he was too poor to live in any of them and had to be satisfied with a plebeian West End flat.

He was sent to Wormwood Scrubs for a substantial visit after pawning two pieces of jewelry which had been entrusted to him as a trustee of the estate of Consuelo, the Duchess of Manchester.

The same prison domiciled the late Lord Kylsant, "Napoleon of Shipping," who not only traced his descent from Cadifor of Colwyn, a lord of South Wales in the 11th century, but also boasted an ancestor who accompanied Richard the Lion-Hearted to Palestine and was made a Knight of the Holy Sepulchre.

Lord Kylsant spent a year at Wormwood Scrubs after his conviction for "making, publishing and circulating a false prospectus."

The late Lord Terrington, who went bankrupt with a million dollars of unpaid debts, was sentenced to four years for appropriating $250,000 belonging to Sir Harold Reckitt, whose law counsel he was. Ill health won him a reprieve before his term was finished and he was let out of Wormwood Scrubs shortly before he died.

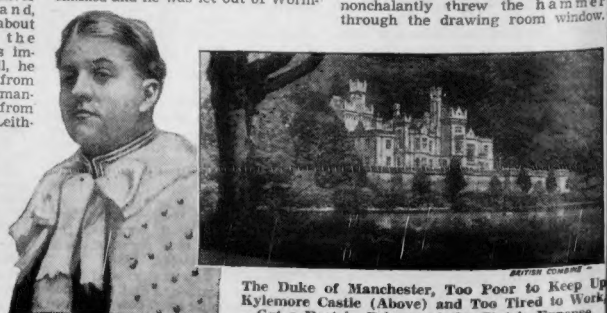
Most of the peers who spent time behind the bars were sentenced for defrauding their equals, but Lord Teynham wasn't so sporting. He was approached by Didimus Langford, a tailor, who wanted a government appointment. His Lordship agreed to use his influence, but said that a deposit of $7,000 was required to prove financial responsibility. The tailor put up the money but never got the post. Finally he went to the police. Lord Teynham went to jail.

Not even the distaff side of nobility is safe from this strange malady that seems to infect members of the peerage when the exchequer runs low. Lady Irene Crawfurd, 38, daughter of the late Marquis Camden, was sentenced to three months last spring after admitting the theft of a diamond brooch and ring worth $1,500 and some ration books.

Two friends of Lady Irene noticed the absence of the valuables while she was a house guest. After Scotland Yard was called, Lady Irene confessed that she had taken the jewels with the intention of pawning them temporarily and returning them after she obtained some money.

She went to jail with a flourish. When the police came to arrest her, she ran screaming up the stairway and did a strip-tease at the top, throwing her clothes at them.

Then she put on a dressing gown and descended with a hammer in one hand and a "glass of amber fluid" in the other. She drank the fluid in one gulp, smacked her lips and nonchalantly threw the hammer through the drawing room window.



The Duke of Manchester, Too Poor to Keep Up Kylemore Castle (Above) and Too Tired to Work, Got a Rest in Prison—at the State's Expense.

WASHINGTON . . .

"By and By" is a phrase that was commonly used by the Chinook Indians. The white settlers adopted it as the state's motto to signify their intention to build boldly for the future.

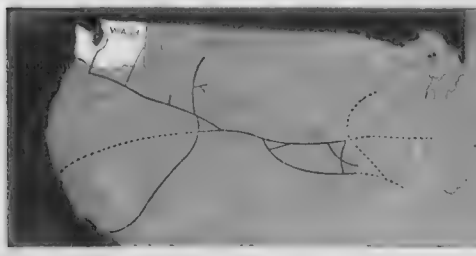
And they did. Out of the great forests, the fertile soil, the hidden minerals, they molded an empire. Nature had richly endowed the northwest country but she demanded that each individual seek his reward through toil, initiative and staunch courage. Then she paid back in full.

Today, Washington's fruits, lumber, grains, minerals, wool, livestock and seafoods move over the Union Pacific "Strategic Middle Route" to nation-wide markets. Thus, the vision and determination of the state's pioneers is now helping our nation to achieve victory.

Washington's growth and prosperity is a shining example of what can be accomplished through individual enterprise and resourcefulness in this land of opportunity—your America.

★ *Washington is one of the 11 western states served by the Union Pacific Railroad. Subsequent advertisements of this series will feature other states.*

Listen to "YOUR AMERICA" Coast-to-Coast radio program every Saturday afternoon. Consult your local newspaper for time and station.



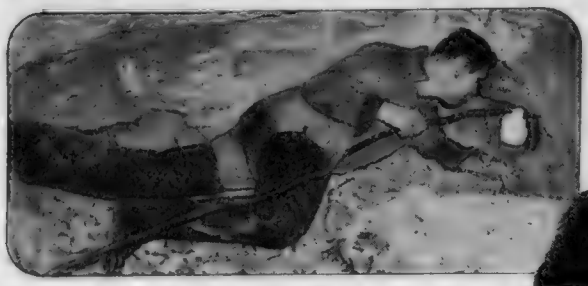
THE PROGRESSIVE

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

THE *Strategic* MIDDLE ROUTE

Thrilling Rescue of "Old Drive," the Ozarks' No. 1 Coon Hound

"Old Drive," Called "The Sweetest Mouthed Coon Dog in All Missouri," Rests at Last in the Arms of His Master, Jake Light.



Food for the Trapped Dog Was Pushed Through a Hole Into the Cavern, Until the Hound Could Be Drilled, Blasted and Chiseled From His Stone Prison.

By WILLIAM SEABROOK

OFTEN as they lay in bed at night, the farmers and their wives of Sugar Camp Hollow would hear the far-off baying of a golden-throated hound, echoing across the wooded hills and valleys. The voice was of an unearthly beauty.

"That must be Old Drive," the woman would say dreamily, and the husband would agree, "Yep, it couldn't be no other...Jake Light's Old Drive, the sweetest mouthed coon dog in all Missouri."

There was scarcely a farmer in Reynolds County, in the foothills of the Ozarks, who didn't have hounds of his own, of which he was often "fightin' proud," as they say. But Drive was beyond all rivalry, and long had been the pride of the whole region.

His voice was something to dream about when he ran through the hills.

He was, except for being male, the real life replica of the beautiful hound heroine in MacKinlay Kantor's epic story, "The Voice of Bugle Ann." His voice, like hers, was "something to dream about," when he was coursing through the hills, "as it echoed to the stars against the blackness of the night," and something to give you gooseflesh when he treed his quarry.

Both were hounds of the Ozarks, that strange, eerie region which is neither corn-land nor mountain thicket, yet a mixture of both. Their histories ran parallel, except that whereas Bugle Ann died in a poignant tragedy that affected human lives and deaths as well, Old Drive survived a different drama which ended happily for all.

You can believe Ray Giles, hillbilly banjo poet of the district, who now is composing a ballad on the great adventure which recently made Drive nationally famous, when he says:

"It was God's own miracle that such a voice could come out of an animal that barks and eats corn pone. When that there hound of heaven was in full cry, it was like a golden trumpet played by angels riding on the wind. It was a high soprano, higher'n any opera house or steeple. Yet after he had treed his coon and sat to wait till doomsday or till we got there with an axe, it was like the mighty rolling of a church organ."

But Old Drive had more than a sweet voice. He had the keenest nose of all, and always made the cleanest kill. When the hunters came with lanterns and axes, the tree crashed, the raccoon leaped, Drive caught it in his jaws, crunching the spine at the back of the neck till it lay dead, untorn and unscarred.

On a Coon Hunt, "Old Drive" Would Thrill the Farmers for Miles Around with His Golden-Throated Voice, Weird, Sweet and of an Unearthly Beauty.

But one night this midsummer, the voice of Drive went suddenly silent, while the other hounds that were running with him changed their baying to loud lamentation. Jake Light sounded a blast on his ox horn, but there was no answer from Drive.

Other hounds returned whimpering and led their masters to a stony bluff on the East Fork of Black River. And there they stood whining, imploring, around a narrow rift that opened down into the earth.

"Drive, listen to me, Drive—do you hear me?" shouted Jake, kneeling at the sinister shaft's lip.

And from deep down below there came a muffled "Ki-yi," which said as plain as words, "Yes, I'm here, still a-living, master—so please come and get me out."

A lantern was lowered on a rope, through the jagged cleft, too narrow for a man to pass, but the hole to the cave was a bending, tunnel-like bottleneck. Rescue from above was hopeless. The only chance was to drill through the side of the cliff.

The news spread at dawn like wildfire, and what followed was one of the most amazing and beautiful, spontaneous community movements in the heroic history of loyal men and dogs.

It was the height of the wheat-threshing season, a critical moment also for hay-cutting. Yet practically every able-bodied farmer came with pick, shovel or drill.

It was soon apparent they'd have to go through 30 feet or more of solid limestone. Roy Hodge, who owned three big farms and a sawmill, dropped his affairs to direct the attempted rescue of that one faintly crying dog.

A camp was set up with a blacksmith's forge, and a kitchen tended by the women. For ten days and nights they chiseled, drilled and blasted.

Would he survive, or would his fate be like that of Floyd Collins, famous cave explorer, who died similarly entombed, in Kentucky?

On the eleventh day, after blasting out 100 tons of rock, Old Drive, feeble but unhurt, was restored to Jake Light's arms in the presence of a throng which included metropolitan reporters, photographers, Harold Prescott of the St. Louis Humane Society, county and state officials.

It was Jake's son, Henry, who crawled to the end of the blasted tunnel and emerged with the hound in his arms. There were shouts of joy, and tears were shed, too, when Drive lay in his master's lap, happily licked his face, and seemed to thank them all.

Old Drive may become immortal in the folklore of the Middlewest, for the best bards of the Ozarks are already tuning their banjos to sing the ballad of the hound that was born, like MacKinlay Kantor's Bugle Ann, "with a trumpet in his throat," and the saga of his rescue.

Campus Cuties Chorus: "Bye Bye Bobby Socks"

A Practical and Attractive Wardrobe Designed by Muriel King to Replace Unfeminine and Unflattering Dungarees and Jeans.

"So Long, Sloppy Sweaters," Too, Is the Cry of Stephens College Girls, Whose Curriculum Now Includes a Fashion Designer's Tips — and Other Schools, 'Tis Expected, Will Take Up the Raiment Reform

By INEZ ROBB

EDUCATION is a wonderful thing, and is probably here to stay. It can teach a parrot to talk, a horse to count up to ten as well as a dog to sit up and beg.

But can it teach a college girl to wear clothes?

That is the crux and basis of a new educational motif to be introduced into the curriculum of Stephens College at its old stand at Columbia, Mo., when it again opens for business this autumn.

Not, we hasten to add, that the young ladies of Stephens or any other American college have been running around like the inmates of a nudist seminary! Heaven forbid!

It is merely that James Madison Wood, president of Stephens College, has begun to doubt that a baggy sweater, an old tweed skirt, bobby socks and dirty saddle shoes are "clothes." Or those rolled-up blue jeans, a shirt and a lumber jacket plus the ubiquitous bobby socks and saddle shoes constitute "dressing." Raiment, maybe, but not clothes.

So President Wood has taken steps which may eventually enable the innocent bystander to tell the average college girl from an English sheepdog (except the gal is the one in the bobby socks).

He has called in one of the most noted of American fashion designers, Muriel King, to aid him in wooing the girls away from bobby socks and their allied garments. Both hope eventually to persuade not only Stephens girls but girls all over the country to abandon their curious affectation of dressing like Tugboat Annie in an outsize sweater and shaggy tweed skirt or a female mule-skinner in blue jeans, shirt and beer or lumber jacket.

Muriel King, the Noted Fashion Designer, Who Will Teach the Girls of Stephens College That Bobby Socks Days Are Gone Forever.

"There's nothing like a nice baggy sweater and a sloppy skirt to make even a pretty girl look deformed," shuddered Miss King the other day between interviews with prospective members of the teaching staff which she is assembling for Stephens College, a staff which will try to woo the college girl away from bobby socks.

"You put even the Venus de Milo into a baggy sweater and what have you got?" demanded Miss King, who is not only one of the nation's top-notch designers but a very swell looker herself.

Well, we had the answer to that one.

"A girl college senior," we said and collected the $64.

Just how she will go about extracting the sweater and socks, or vice versa, from a college girl is still a little bit hazy in Miss King's mind.

"Remember, this is a new job for me, or anyone else," she smiled, running her fingers through her naturally curly blue-black hair.

Miss King envisions no basic dress, like the shirtwaist dress or the princess dress, for college girls.

"The last thing I want to design for these girls is a basic dress," she declared, although her own tall, slim figger was buttoned into an expensively simple dress.

"I want the girls themselves to plan a becoming, attractive wardrobe that will run the bobby socks and those awful baggy sweaters and the overalls right off the campus. But I'm not going to do the designing. It's up to the girls themselves to experiment and discover what kind of clothes, both pretty and practical, that they may want to wear."

Persuading college girls to stop being Sloppy Janes may be the most difficult role of her career, but it is by no means Miss King's biggest assignment. She is not only one of Hollywood's top-notch fashion designers, with four pictures to her credit so far this year, but she is the All-American designer whose smart, practical clothes are worn by tens of thousands of women in the American aircraft and other war industries.

Before she answered the call to Hollywood, Miss King spent ten years in New York City, designing clothes for many of the town's Best-Dressed Women.

So President Wood, who has made Stephens College one of the most progressive educational institutions in America, knew what he was doing when he persuaded her to take over the newly created chair of Fine and Applied Fashions.

Once she gets the new courses organized, Miss King will commute between Stephens College and Hollywood, where she has not the slightest intention of abandoning a large and lucrative career.

At first, lecturing to groups, she will explain to the girls why they do not look attractive in a sweater-built-for-two or blue jeans rolled up half way between calf and ankle.

Furthermore, present plans call for a personal appearance clinic, where each girl can have her clothes and clothes-sense psyched. Also in the works is a miniature fashion magazine to be published by the girls, who will be encouraged to design good clothes for themselves and also for one another.

These Typical College Students Seem Happy in Their Sloppy Attire—Because, Says Muriel King, Their Education Doesn't Include the Art of Wearing Clothes.

Eventually, she hopes the girls will develop such a smart, distinctive appearance that it will become known nationally as "that Stephens look" and that other colleges will copy it.

"These girls have everything in their favor. They have nice young figures, which would be the despair of older women if the kids would only unveil themselves from all those sweaters," the dean of fashion added.

But the dean knows the fight against the entrenched bobby socks will be no light skirmish. She is prepared for a long, hard war, with certain elements of Sherman in it.

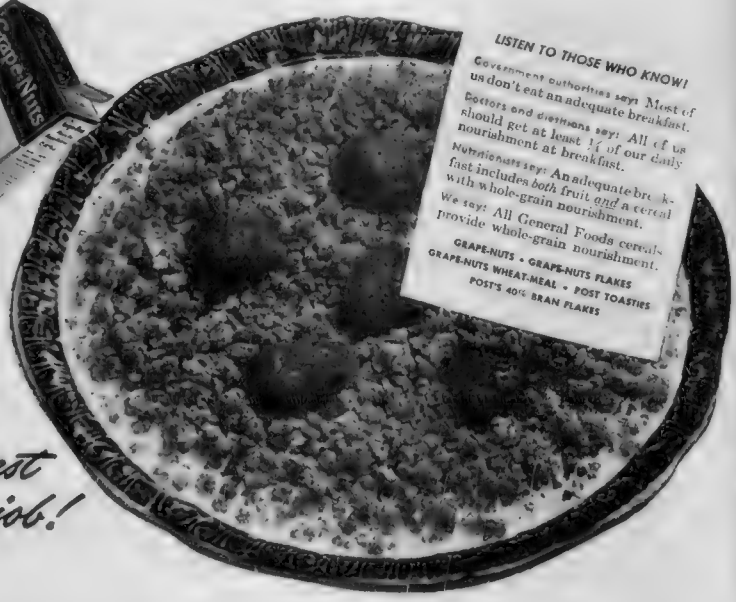
Not today, brother, not today!

Haenigsen

1. **Wake up, man!** You're cheating yourself with those skimpy, sip-and-run breakfasts! Doctors and dietitians will tell you that your vitality's low after a night's sleep . . . you need to stoke up. They say: You need at least *one quarter of your daily nourishment at breakfast.*

2. **And Grape-Nuts** are "just what the doctor ordered." A cereal with *whole-grain* nourishment—the kind Uncle Sam recommends in his Basic 7 Foods program. Every malty-rich mouthful just bursts with that "where-have-you-been-all-my-life" taste! Every bite is chockful of B_1, for energy!

3. **Tomorrow,** pull up a chair to a big bowl of crunchy, malty-rich Grape-Nuts. Swim 'em in milk or cream, garnish 'em with your favorite fruit. Boy, *what a delicious, delovely dish!* Try it! (No shortage of Grape-Nuts—you'll find 'em everywhere!)



LISTEN TO THOSE WHO KNOW!

Government authorities say: Most of us don't eat an adequate breakfast.

Doctors and dietitians say: All of us should get at least ¼ of our daily nourishment at breakfast.

Nutritionists say: An adequate breakfast includes *both* fruit *and* a cereal with whole-grain nourishment.

We say: All General Foods cereals provide whole-grain nourishment.

GRAPE-NUTS • GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES
GRAPE-NUTS WHEAT-MEAL • POST TOASTIES
POST'S 40% BRAN FLAKES

Grape-Nuts

A GENERAL FOODS CEREAL

Eat a good breakfast —do a better job!

How Mr. Commons Lost Himself for 14 Years

The College Professor Absent-Mindedly Forgot His Identity, Was Declared Legally Dead, Turned Up as a Truck Driver—And Now Wants to Remain Just That

Acm

Father and Son Were Reunited at Fort Lauderdale, Fla., After the Missing Professor Was Discovered as a Laundryman.

JOHN A. COMMONS is an uncommon, not a common, man. He was born to the better things of life, son of an educator who cut the pattern for some of the New Deal innovations. He had the benefit of a college education and for years was a member of the faculty of the University of Wisconsin.

But John Commons was not happy.

Fourteen years ago, John Commons forgot himself and dropped from sight. His disappearance was complete. He simply left the laboratory at the university, where he was a researcher in agriculture, and was swallowed up in another world.

Eight years later he was declared legally dead and his wife collected a $10,000 insurance policy on his life.

A few weeks ago Commons was found—not dead, but alive. And he was happy, for he had discovered what he really wanted to do in life—to drive a truck. He is sound of mind and body, although vague about many of the things that happened to him between 1930 and 1944. But of one thing he is sure: he will not go back to his test tubes and his books. The truck driver's life is the life for him, and he's staying at it.

"I like my work," he said at Fort Lauderdale, Fla., where he went to visit his father, Dr. John R. Commons, 82, economist, sociologist, author and professor emeritus of the University of Wisconsin.

After his visit, Commons returned to his job with the New England Laundry at Hartford, Conn., where he was found by investigators working on tips sent to Wisconsin and Detroit newspapers. He had been there since last September.

"I have security there," Commons said, "and I am grateful to the company for giving me a job on face value alone when my morale was low. Besides, I have a realization that it's something I've established myself. It's a gratification to me that officials of the company found something in me that was of value and attached me to them."

Ever since he can remember, Commons has used his correct name and made no effort to conceal his identity. He even registered with a draft board when the time came. But his memory is unclear about many things.

"I can remember being at the university," he said, "and then my mind leaves me perfectly blank. My next recollections were during my stay at a mental institution somewhere in the West. I don't know how I got there or what it was all about, but I got out fast, you might say, under my own locomotion.'

He Was Like the Absent-Minded Professor Who, Come Nightfall, Wound Up the Cat Instead of the Clock.

Now Mr. Commons Prefers His Driving Job to His Test Tubes— and He's Staying With the Company.

He knew he had been declared dead but he didn't want to return, because he was "afraid and uncertain" and felt he needed time to "figure things out for himself."

"Then there were some accidents," he went on. "I really can't remember much about them. I was gored by a bull on a farm where I went to work in the Southwest. I must have drifted."

He drifted—but in drifting he reached the port he long had been seeking. Now, at 53, he's going to stay in that port.

The old life—the college campus at Madison, the students milling in the classrooms, his house, his wife, his daughter—is behind him. He has no desire to recapture it.

During the years while he was in eclipse his wife obtained a divorce and custody of their only child, Anne, now 16. Mother and daughter are living in Washington, where Mrs. Commons is a Government librarian.

"I'd like to see them," he said, "but I shan't bother them, because it would be a matter of disturbing someone's adjusted and settled life. I have no right to intrude on them.

"As for the university, it would be a Cyclopean task to get back to academic work."

As soon as Commons was discovered he went to Fort Lauderdale, where his father has lived since his retirement in 1932. Father and son met at the railroad station and embraced joyously. For years after Commons' disappearance his father sought him periodically throughout the nation but never was able to catch up with him.

It is Dr. Commons' belief that his son had an attack of amnesia, resulting from a "persecution mania," as he put it, traceable to World War I. The younger Commons was an infantry lieutenant, was gassed, and was decorated with the British Military Cross for bravery.

When American and British soldiers occupied the Arctic regions of Russia during the Bolshevist revolution, Commons was along. For eight days he and eight Polish soldiers held off a besieging force of Bolshevists, an experience which, his father thinks, affected him adversely.

But Commons has no worry now. His life is what he wants it to be.

There is the problem of his legal status, he having been declared dead But he is not concerned. He has advised the administrators of the University of Wisconsin that he is, in reality, alive and he plans to let them take whatever action they want to.

"Once I had no pride, only a feeling of futility," he said. "Now I have overcome it. I am doing, at last, what I want to do."

Acme

Private Life of the Siam

"Doctors Punched, Pinched and Probed Us Until We Were Almost Crazy. Then Came That Awful Morning When We Overheard One of Them Say, 'The Cartilage, Muscles and Bone Could Be Severed. It Would Be an Interesting Experiment...'"

Sold Into Virtual Slavery at Birth, Exploited, Mistreated and Misunderstood, Daisy and Violet Hilton Reveal the Intimate and Never Before Told Story of Their Fight for Love and Happiness

By DAISY and VIOLET HILTON
As Told to Ethelda Bedford

CHAPTER I

THE eyes of a curious world have been focused on us almost from the moment of our birth on a November day 35 years ago.

You are undoubtedly wondering many things about our union as you read this—the story we never intended to tell. We have not told it before—so perhaps you, too, have imagined that, joined together as we are, there could be no such thing for either of us as a private life.

So much wonderment has centered around us, especially how two human beings can endure constant, continuous living together. It is so difficult for any two persons to live together harmoniously. Yet, we two, without parents, without one intimate friend until we were 24 years old, have found a fascinating and interesting path.

Joined in the fashion called "Siamese" because the first known twins with a similar indivisible bodily bridge were born in Siam, we are believed to share identical thrills, pains and even diseases. The truth is that we are as different in our reactions as day and night!

I, Violet, often weep over something which makes my sister chuckle. I had whooping cough a year and a half before Daisy. We did not even catch measles from each other! Yet—every breath, every second of the day and night, we are never parted. We will never be—in life, although the scientists often tried to persuade us to allow them to experiment in cutting us apart.

Because of our bond we register moods and movements of each other. We sense thoughts, feel currents and vibrations. But then, two good friends may have such experiences.

Sleeping, eating, walking, bathing and dressing, drinking and making love—we share our lives, just as amiably as we shared our childhood toys, without quarreling.

We have known the full scale of emotions—even those that burn and bless and mature the hearts of women. Yet, we have never been jealous of each other.

We never consult or advise. We simply tell each other our wishes. For instance, I, Daisy, may want to go shopping, when my sister, Violet, has a headache.

I, Violet, tell Daisy that at a certain time the following day I'll go shopping with her. Having once given her my word, nothing will stop me—at least, nothing ever has.

We never coddle, pet or obviously humor each other. Our companionship would be endangered and neither of us wants to become a martyr!

We have loved, hated, dreamed and hoped and wept. We have been engaged secretly to prominent, handsome men other women admired. We have both been married.

Our marriages were headlined throughout the nation. Listen—I, Violet, will tell you the weird story of heartbreak which lay hidden behind the bold-faced type as it printed the sensational news that 21 states had refused to issue a marriage license to dark-haired Maurice Lambert, the popular bandleader, and me.

I have a right to love and marriage, just as my sister has. We have always longed to have homes and husbands and simple lives others experience.

When James Walker Moore, my six-feet-two dancing partner, and I said our vows, more than 100,000 persons attended the wedding.

I looked out over the crowd and pulled my wedding veil over my face to hide my excited tears—but Daisy was convulsed with mirth.

It was six years later when I, Daisy, married the wavy-haired, blue-eyed dancer, Harold Estep, son of a well-known Philadelphia family. Surely no girl was ever more serious and in love—but my sister, Violet, who of course was with me through it all, was analytical, friendly but unusually silent!

YET we never quarreled through these emotional trials. It is as though some Power, greater and stronger than ourselves, has given us this inner harmony to compensate for our being forced to live constantly as an entity. And that harmony has been with us through the years—a harmony that has amazed many who have known us.

Here we are carefully, factually setting down the tangibles and intangibles we have learned about human relationships. About each other, too. Loving each other, bound by physical and spiritual ties, we spare each other nothing, except advice and domination. And we do not magnify or minimize our weaknesses and strengths. No facets of our characters are hidding, or can be, from each other. And yet we have worked out successfully a way to live our separate and very private lives!

"Do you really like—or hate—each other through your inescapable moments of intimate knowledge?" many have asked us. "Who makes the decisions? Who determines your joint activities?" And a million other questions, equally poignant. In almost all human relationships, friendship, love, marriage, even business, one person rules. In our relations, neither dominates.

While you expect us to be similar in tastes it may surprise you to learn that we even have different circles of friends!

Even our thoughts are bent on foreign tracks. They are as different as the types of our blood, which the Red Cross in Pittsburgh recently discovered when we became donors to the bank, are unalike and run in separate streams.

I, Daisy, am blond and green-eyed. I weigh 93 pounds, wear size 11 dresses and 1½ shoes. I'm five feet tall. I like show business. I live in my mind. I am impulsive and talkative and quick-motioned.

I, Violet, have dark hair and hazel eyes. I've never weighed more than 89 pounds. My shoes are size 1. I'm 4 feet, 11 inches tall. I've always longed to become a nurse. I live in my heart. I'm not a talker and I seldom do anything on impulse.

You can see that together we have contrast and balance.

It may seem odd, but we can remember when we were so very young. Even back in the days when we were turned loose on the floor to crawl. We seemed to move without much effort, because we propelled each other.

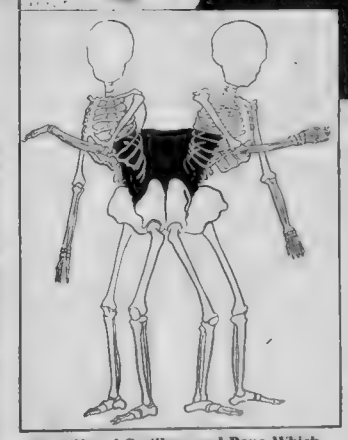
There seemed only a short time until we gained speed and direction.

Then, something happened! We discovered to our dismay that we could not pass when the leg of the bed, or table, was between us! We gave up trying that and began building block houses—but invariably one of us would move and knock down the other's blocks!

It was at this time that, we believe, our thought processes began to function. We cried and tried again and again to pass the table leg and the

nese Twins

Charming, Lovely Girls, the Hilton Sisters Are Inseparably Bound Together, But Each Is Living Her Own Life Normally and Happily.



The Bridge of Cartilage and Bone Which Joins the Hilton Twins. Their Childhood Was Made Miserable by the Fear That Surgeons Might Try to Cut Them Apart.

bedpost and then to build houses—always with the same disastrous results. One of us would have to be allowed to build her house alone while the other remained motionless. Which one? Why, the one who wanted more to build.

The thought did not take such clear form until later years, but we soon stopped weeping because we had to give in now and then or give up. Our physical bond was not going to be our cross—we both decided on that—our decision was aided by the realization that it was nice never to be alone and lonesome. There was always a playmate there.

Walking came easy. We balanced each other. We learned to listen early. We learned to say little, although we talked before other children our age.

There was a speech repeated to us daily, over again like a phonograph record. It was spoken by a big, curly-haired woman who bathed, dressed and fed us. She never petted or kissed us, or even smiled. She just talked:

"Your mother gave you to me. You are not my children. Your mother gave you to me." The speech grew longer as we grew older: "I'm not your mother. Your mother was afraid when you were born and gave you to me when you were two weeks old. You must always do just as I say."

THIS woman was Mrs. Mary Williams, the midwife who attended our coming into the world. She kept us clean and fed and taught us to rely on each other. We were taught to call her Auntie, and each of her five husbands was Sir.

Auntie had a daughter, a big girl, named Edith, but we were unable ever to learn from them much about our parents. Mother, they said, was named Kate. She was young and pretty and she married a Captain Hilton. He married mother in Texas. She ran away from him after we were born. We were unable even to learn our father's first name. Auntie and Edith couldn't remember. However, Auntie remembered to tell us in 1916 that our father had died in action during World War I.

Auntie was a tall woman with a pretty, oval face, framed with well-tended hair. About her waist was always a wide leather belt, fastened with a large metal buckle. And it took only a little jerk to release the buckle. Her temper was something that her daughter or husbands could not control—and when we displeased her she whipped our backs and shoulders with the buckle end of that same wide belt.

"She'll never hit your faces, girls," Auntie's third husband, Sir Green, whispered to us one day. "The public will not be so glad to pay to look at little Siamese twins with scarred faces."

Our awareness became accentuated. We were very knowing and we developed opinions although we were treated like animals, living in a cage. We were kept in one room, regularly whipped, scolded and trained. We were never permitted to play with other children, and when we looked over the sill of our window and saw little girls walking alone we felt quite sorry for them because they were not as we were.

We were always being looked at—on stages, in large and small theatres. It was a frequent occurrence to awaken and find a row of doctors and scientists surrounding our bed.

How we loathed the sight of a hospital and the very bedside tone of a medical man's voice! We were punched and pinched and probed until we were almost crazy—and we always screamed and scratched and kicked.

When the doctors and scientists left, Auntie would often whip us with the belt and call us ungrateful brats.

THEN we came to wonder—what if Auntie were offered some fabulous price by the doctors and scientists? Would she stop showing us on the stages and let the doctors have us—to punch and pinch and take pictures of always?

We would lie awake, crying silently, holding hands, wondering.

"I will never leave you, even though they say that they can cut us apart," I, Daisy, whispered to Violet.

"I never want to be away from you," I, Violet, whispered back. "We can hold our breaths until we die."

We didn't hold our breaths, however. But our little pact and promises gave us a peculiar kind of confidence.

Then one morning, as we pretended to be sleeping, we overheard Auntie talking with a doctor.

"The cartilage, muscles and bone could be severed," he said. "It will be a worthwhile and interesting experiment to separate the nerves of the spinal column—you see, there has never been a set of Siamese twins operated on while they were living and science is deeply interested in making the experiment."

We lay there listening, straining to hear what Auntie would reply—and our hearts turned over.

In next week's instalment Daisy and Violet Hilton will tell what they encountered when they were taken to Europe to be taught ballet dancing, elocution, piano and violin to make their debut at the greatest theatre in Berlin at the age of three and one-half years, at a salary of $3,500 a week!

Junior Knows More About Diet than YOU

N. Armstrong Robert's Photo

When a Child Crams Herself With Bread and Jam Instead of Spinach, It May Be That Her Taste Buds (Right) Are Signalling Her System's Need of Important Sugars and Starch.

Mother May Be Horrified at Junior's Banana Binge, But Diet Experts Say the Child's Health Is Not Affected and Soon He'll Swing Around to Balanced Fare.

By JOSEPH GOLLOMB

MANY who are sure they know what would happen to Junior's health if he were turned loose in a cafeteria for months at a time will be surprised by the latest report of science on the subject.

Based on a series of recent bold and fascinating experiments, science says in effect:

"Trust the taste 'buds' in Junior's tongue as a guide to wise diet. Mother Nature put them there and she knows best."

If this seems dangerous doctrine to many, the implication of these experiments goes still further. Young children, the report implies, are likely to eat more wisely than many an adult who has acquired emotional and other habitual likes and dislikes in food.

The experiments to find out what would happen to young children if they were given their sweet way with food began with studies of rats. Basically, what is life or death for the rat's body is true for humans.

Dr. Curt P. Richter, of Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine, decided to see what would be the effect on rats if they were allowed to eat anything they pleased and as much as they wanted.

He devised a rat cafeteria. In each of 17 containers he placed a different food essential to a rat's health.

There was pure sugar in one, milk protein in another, olive oil in a third, and there were containers for each of five mineral salts, seven synthetic vitamins, cod liver oil and water.

The rats were allowed to help themselves. As fast as the contents went, markings on the containers showed the exact consumption from each.

Dr. Richter then compared what happened to these rats with what happened to other rats that were fed scientifically for good health. Almost invariably the rats who were free to eat what they pleased overate at first. But in a short while they took in no more calories than they could use. They maintained good health, were normally active, reproduced and lived long.

In other words, something made them as wise in their free choice of foods as the scientists who got their knowledge of rat nutrition by long study and experimentation.

Furthermore, when these rats were artificially made ill by being deprived of some organ or food element, they cured themselves by changing menus.

For instance, Dr. Richter removed the adrenal glands from some of his rats. An animal so deprived needs more salt in its food. At once these adrenal-less rats increased their intake of salt. When Dr. Richter deprived other rats of Vitamin B-1 (thiamin) they chose more cod liver oil and thus made up for the vitamin deficiency.

Dr. Richter decided to establish what it was that gave rats this wisdom. He destroyed the taste "buds" of the rats to be studied, then turned them loose in their cafeteria. These "buds" are clusters of nerve endings in the tongue that report to the higher nerve centers how food tastes.

The rats that were without their adrenal glands and had to have more salt or die soon died. The other rats with vitamin deficiencies, now that their taste buds were gone, sickened. The removal of the taste buds had deprived them of their guide to what they needed in the way of food.

With these experiments in mind scientists decided that children could be trusted to choose food wisely. Dr. Clara M. Davis of Winnetka, Ill., her colleagues in Cleveland's Mount Sinai Hospital and in the orthopedic ward of the Children's Memorial Hospital in Chicago undertook to prove this faith in children.

A wide choice of foods was set before a considerable number of youngsters of both sexes. They were allowed to help themselves to everything in sight and to eat as much as they liked.

What happened would have horrified many a mother. One infant ate four bananas at a time. Another downed seven eggs without stopping.

A three-year-old consumed nearly a pound of lamb.

None of these binges resulted in discomfort or abdominal pain. These children were allowed to eat what and as much as they wanted over a period of six months. They were then compared with children who had been fed scientifically.

The results were startling. The egg jags and the jamborees on lamb and the like seldom lasted long, and the children who had indulged in them soon swung over to balanced diets.

Their health proved as good as that of the children who had been fed only what scientists had decided was good for them.

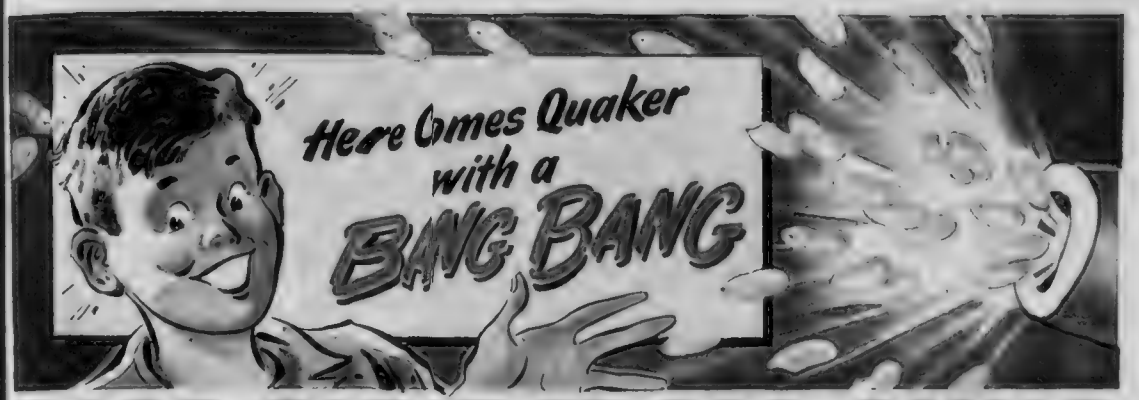
Furthermore, some of these children cured themselves of rickets through their unhindered choices in foods. Cod liver oil is good for rickets. Of their own accord rickety children downed large portions of cod liver oil that was placed on their trays without advice from adults.

One boy with severe rickets voluntarily took so much cod liver oil that his bone lesions healed quickly and he was soon up and about.

Dr. Richter, keeping in mind that cod liver oil is most urgently needed during a child's period of growth and bone formation, tested 1,000 children to see if they liked the stuff. In the five-year-olds he found that all the girls and 92 per cent of the boys liked it. But the liking decreased to only 30 per cent in the 14-year-olds. At 14 the need for Vitamin D, in which cod liver oil is rich, decreases.

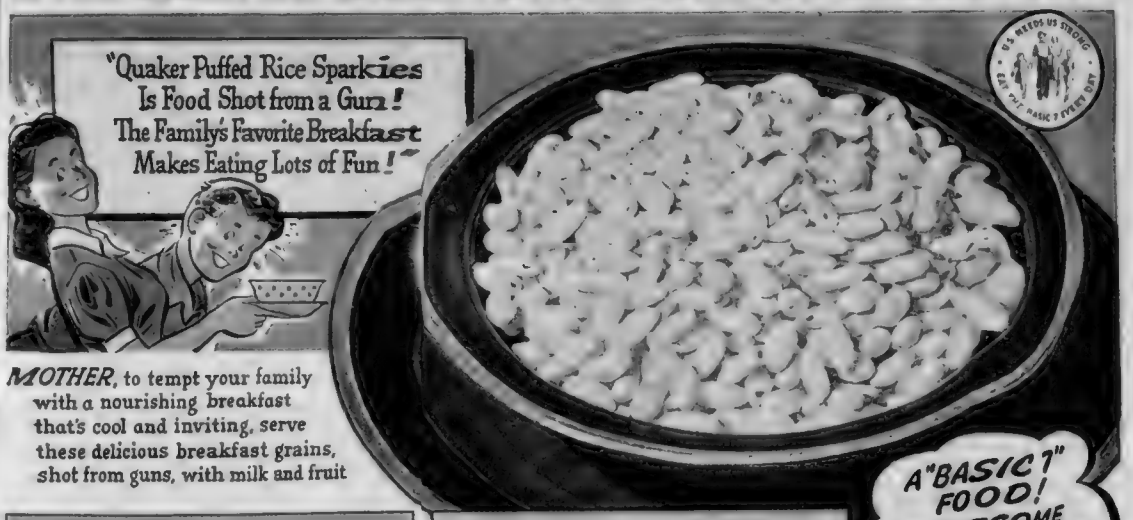
Junior's taste buds know what is good in the way of food and it is about time Mother gave him his due.

But it is still up to Mother to know what is good for her offspring. For if she doesn't put the stuff before him, where is Junior going to get it in order to satisfy his needs?



RICE SHOT FROM GUNS

IS THE GLORIFIED GRAIN FOR GAY SUMMER BREAKFASTS!



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Girls We Love—to Hate

Louise Allbritton Is a Lovely Vampire But She's Deadly —On the Screen.

NOT all the human monsters of the movies are men—some of the meanest of them are women. And very pretty, too.

The blood-chilling realism that they put into their sinister roles seems to add weight to the old wheeze about the female being more deadly than the male.

Beautiful killers are a lot easier to love at close range [illegible] just as many victims to the [illegible]

Maria Montez Makes an Alluring Cobra Woman and One of Hollywood's Most Beautiful Monsters.

IT'S GOT THAT "ZING"

THAT CERTAIN "THING"

THAT THRILLING THING CALLED FLAVOR!

Hot Dan's sandwich is quick, delicious: Spread one slice of bread with French's; the other with peanut butter; put the 2 slices together. Fine for hearty appetites!

A blend of the finest spices and mustard seed money can buy!

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Read the exciting, intriguing true stories of love, romance and adventure which appear in this and every issue of The American Weekly.

NEWS! LUX MAKES ONE PAIR OF STOCKINGS EQUAL TWO PAIR!

Strain tests prove **LUXed** stockings last **TWICE** as long!

Now you can help *one* pair of stockings give the wear of *two* pair—that's like getting an *extra* pair every time you buy one! Just give stockings gentle Lux care.

In repeated strain tests, Luxed stockings lasted *twice* as long! They didn't go into runs nearly so quickly as those rubbed with cake soap or washed with a strong soap. Rayon, nylon, silk and cotton stockings showed similar results.

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SOAP CONTAINS VITAL WAR MATERIALS... *DON'T WASTE IT!*

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King of Nobody's Island

"THE 'King'," said the British Overseas Airways pilot, as he brought his transport in for a landing, "ought to be mighty glad to see us."

The co-pilot, eyes glued on the runway ahead, nodded in agreement.

"You know," continued the pilot, "I don't see how he stands it on the island. It'd drive me crazy in a week."

As the plane rolled to a stop on the air strip, a lone figure emerged from a tiny building at the end of the small flying field waving a cheery greeting.

"There's King Thompson now," said the co-pilot.

The "Monarch," gray-haired, rotund, and jolly-looking, came up to the plane.

"Glad to see you, boys," he shouted. "You're the first callers I've had in more than a month."

The holder of one of the world's loneliest jobs, Major D. Thompson, or the "King" as he is known to British pilots of the Near East, is the civil administrator of Nobody's Island—a tiny dot of treeless land plunked down in the middle of the Red Sea. He is the only white man on the island, which is four miles long and a mile wide.

The "King" took over his strange job back in 1941 when the British government turned Nobody's Island—or Kamaran Island as it is called on some maps—into a landing field. The sea-girt patch of sand is on the flying route from Egypt to India. It is not a regular stop-over, and pilots only land there when they are running low on gas or want to sit out a storm in comparative safety.

Fliers Seldom Stop at the Sun-Baked Patch of Sand in the Red Sea, but When They Do, the "King" Welcomes Them Warmly.

Nobody's Island is one of the most forsaken places in the world. It is flat and sandy. There are no trees or shrubs. The blazing sun heats down day after day. Rain is a rarity. No foodstuffs can be grown. All supplies of every description have to be flown in from the outside.

But, despite it all, Thompson, who has no one to talk to for weeks at a time, professes to like his job. He finds his entertainment in reading and listening to the radio.

"Really," he explains, "it is not a bad life. And, after all, the main thing is that the island is a link with the rest of the British Empire."

Before the invasion of Italy an occasional Nazi plane roared over the King's barren and torrid domain. But none of these warbirds ever stopped to drop a bomb or strafe the landing strip and the hut beside it. Probably they thought the island wasn't worth it.

"Even the Jerries were company of a sort," says Thompson, "but I kept out of sight when they were in the neighborhood. Sensible thing to do."

Every pilot, and passenger, who lands on Nobody is required to sign the "King's" visitors' book. They do it gladly and like to add a variety of amusing observations. There is one entry by an American traveler that reads:

"Thompson's is the swellest place on the island."

It ought to be. It's the only one.

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$1.00
50¢, 75¢
and 10¢
Trial Size

Smile, *Plain Girl,* Smile!

Let your smile bring new happiness. Help keep it sparkling with Ipana and Massage!

LET YOUR HOPES SOAR, Plain Girl! It doesn't take beauty to rate special raves.

Watch the girls who score the biggest hits—the girls who invite popularity and romance. See how often their appeal lies *in their smiles!*

So smile, plain girl, smile. Not a smile that hesitates, timid and uncertain—but one that is gay and flashing, bright as dancing sunbeams. Remember that such a smile needs sparkling teeth—bright teeth that depend so much on firm, healthy gums.

"Pink Tooth Brush" a warning!

If your tooth brush "shows pink," *see your dentist!* He may tell you your gums have become sensitive—denied natural exercise by soft, creamy foods. And he may, as many dentists do, suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana not only cleans teeth but, with massage, aids the health of the gums. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little Ipana onto your gums. Circulation steps up in the gums, helping them to new firmness.

Start today to let Ipana and massage help you to have brighter teeth, firmer gums, a more radiant smile.

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Helen's

LONDON

IN ITS 100 years of existence, Holloway, the London women's prison, has never had anything remotely resembling the collection of prisoners it will house for the next nine months. There will be difficulty enough in providing comfortable quarters for Mrs. Helen Duncan, a medium, whose 300 pounds lop over on both sides of a narrow prison cot. The real trouble, however, is with Mrs. Duncan's weird group of companions.

At a recent trial which resulted in a prison term for the hefty medium under England's 209-year-old Witchcraft Law, 40 witnesses testified they had seen approximately 1500 spirit forms materialize about Mrs. Duncan in 100 seances. These strange creatures, which the 46-year-old Scotswoman presumably was able to conjure up at will, were far from the common garden variety of ghosts. They included:

Chang, the Chinese, who had a mustache 20 inches long and green eyes that glittered.

Peggy, the ghost child, who couldn't come out from behind the curtain "because I haven't any frock on," but who confided that she was fond of perfume although she disliked lipstick.

Dolly, the sad-faced songstress, who warbled "You Are My Sunshine" every time she appeared.

A mystic bearded gentleman who looked like Santa Claus and left a Christmas greeting.

The little old lady with gray hair and an ivory fan who got mad every time she was spoken to.

A headless woman in an old-world dress who claimed to have lost her head on the executioner's block 300 years ago, but insisted she was not Mary, Queen of Scots.

The corpulent 6-foot grandfather who had his thighs and chest punched by Mrs. Duncan to prove they were solid, and who held a witness' hand so firmly that it ached for 12 hours.

There were hundreds more, many of them equally fantastic. It is extremely unlikely that Mrs. Duncan is going to forego their company merely because she has to spend a few months in a prison cell. They have stuck very close to her for nearly 40 years and have enabled her to collect an income estimated at $500 a week.

Although she has been exposed three times, her supporters are just as staunch as ever. As the Amazonian ghost-herd waddled day after day through the corridors of Old Bailey for trial, women threw their arms around her, kissed her, sobbed over her and blessed her.

There was nothing new about such adulation. Victoria Helen MacFarlane was only a pudgy schoolgirl when she first began to hear "spirit voices." Her father, a hardy Scotch craftsman, and her mother attempted to thrash such nonsense out of her head, but they did not succeed. Soon some superstitious neighbors began to give her small sums of money in return for her spine-chilling entertainment.

She married when she was 20 and for a time she abandoned the production of ghosts in favor of producing children—a feat at which she was almost as prolific. By the time her tenth child was born, Helen Duncan turned her talents into a highly profitable racket.

With a couple of exceptions, she got away with it for years. Seances brought in $150 each if several persons were present and $40 if they were held for individuals. When the war came, she went into mass production.

Mrs. Helen Duncan, Scottish Spiritualist, Had Ten Children of Her Own, But It Was the Extra 1500 From the Spirit World Which the Law Objected To.

Soldiers and sailors by the thousands visited her Master Temple Psychic Centre, located over a drug store in Portsmouth, and paid $2 each for messages from their departed buddies.

The Royal Navy was not at all pleased or even impressed. Lieut. Stanley R. Worth and Surgeon-Lieut. Elijah Fowler decided to attend one of the seances at the Master Temple. A corner of the room had been curtained off to make a small stage, and it was from this that the talking wraiths soon began to float.

The Ghostly Guide Floated Out From the Medium's Cabinet Leading the Figure of a Soldier. The Service Man in the Audience Leaned Forward Eagerly—But Before the Shrouded Form Could Speak There Was a Diversion From an Entirely Unexpected Quarter.

First, however, the proceedings were opened with the singing of "South of the Border." Mrs. Duncan, seated on a chair on the unlighted stage, then went into a trance.

In a minute or two, a dim phosphorescence appeared and slowly assumed the indistinct figure of a man. He introduced himself as Albert, Mrs. Duncan's spiritual guide.

Peggy, the precocious juvenile phantom, came on next and sang "Loch Lomond." Mrs. Duncan and the police have never been the best of friends, but a husky bobby soon joined the spirit parade and asked the audience to wait while he put on his official helmet.

More and more of the ghostly visitors emerged from the curtained recess. One was a tall man who leaned over and shook hands with a guest, while he mumbled in a Yorkshire accent:

"How are you, Jarvis?"

A Scotsman with a rasping burr in his voice materialized for a short time. As he began to vanish, he exclaimed:

"I'm going down now. Fare thee well."

THERE was even a dead cat, which meowed convincingly, and a departed parrot which cried "Pretty polly, pretty polly."

The service men in the audience shuffled impatiently, and a feminine figure in white floated from the cabinet to announce that she would conduct the spirit of a slain soldier into the room.

"One of you may recognize him as a dear friend," she added.

Lieut. Worth produced a flashlight which he had neglected to surrender and turned it on the ghost. A constable who had accompanied him made a grab for the shrouded form and was startled to find himself shoved out of the way with unghostly force.

"In the light of the torch," the lieutenant testified at the trial, "I could see Mrs. Duncan trying to get rid of a piece of white material. There were two or three yards of it and she was trying

1500 Spooks De-Shrouded by the Law

Her Army of Spirit Forms and Gullible Followers Won the Scottish Medium a Yearly Income of $25,000, Until Britain's Navy Called a Halt to Her Bogus Victories Over Death

A Secret Photo Taken at One of Helen's Seances Showing That the "Ectoplasm" She Produced Was Cheesecloth.

Spirit Images of the Dead, Conjured Up by Mediums, Usually Turn Out to Be Photographs Pasted to Cloth Glowing with Luminous Paint.

to throw it on the floor. Someone knocked my torch from my hand. I saw the cloth drop to the floor and then someone pulled it into the audience.

"Mrs. Duncan was standing in her bare feet, attempting to put on her shoes. She started to scream. I blew my police whistle and the police, who were waiting outside, charged into the room."

Arrested with Mrs. Duncan were Ernest Homer, the proprietor of the drug store; his wife, and Mrs. Frances Brown. All were charged with "conspiracy to contravene the Witchcraft Act by pretending to exercise conjuration."

AT the trial the prosecutor, John Maude, told the jury of six men and one woman that the Witchcraft Act, which was passed in 1735, naturally was no longer aimed at witches but at "people who pretend they can do the sort of thing that witches used to do."

The 40 defense witnesses insisted there was no pretense about Mrs. Duncan. She really had control over the spirits of the departed, each of them maintained.

Mrs. Mary Blackwell, a London housewife, testified she had seen some 1500 spirit forms materialize in 100 seances staged by Mrs. Duncan. She had heard them speak in French, Dutch, German, Welsh, Arabic, American, as well as "pure English."

Forms of all sizes and shapes and people of all ages, from tiny children to doddering old men, she said, had appeared before her.

Most of the defense witnesses were women, but there were several prominent men, including doctors, an Indian magistrate, a noted journalist, a clergyman and a high ranking Air Force officer.

Counsel for the defense offered to have Mrs. Duncan conjure up a spirit or two right there in the courtroom, "as proof of her sincerity."

"She is very willing," he said, "and experts can be present to prevent any fraud. All she requires is a bare room with a small portion curtained off, and a red light."

The offer was rejected. The judge said: "If nothing appeared in the demonstration the accused would be condemned even before they were tried. It would be a reversion to the Dark Ages and something very akin to trial by ordeal. It is not a matter of Mrs. Duncan's taking the risk but a question of her being tried according to the laws of England."

The prosecutor said the unhappy medium had been making capital out of the war. One of her most profitable feats in recent years, he declared, was the production of a corpse in uniform which was quickly "recognized" by soldiers or sailors who had lost a buddy or by grieving parents who had lost a son. He scoffed at the $2 charge for service men at each sitting.

"That might be moderate," he said, "if you were going to see the ghost of Wellington or Napoleon, but not if you are going to see a bogus conjuring trick."

All four defendants were convicted. Mrs. Duncan got a nine-month sentence and Mrs. Brown a four-month term. The other two were put on probation. Mrs. Duncan appealed, but the sentence was upheld in the higher court.

The secret of Mrs. Duncan's amazing success in the spirit world has been described by Harry Price, director of the National Laboratory of Psychical Research in London, as her ability to regurgitate, to swallow things and bring them up at will. This faculty also was possessed, he said, by Madame Eva, one of Conan Doyle's favorite mediums.

The alleged raw material from which materializations are made in a seance room is called "ectoplasm" or "teleplasm." Mrs. Duncan permitted herself to be photographed in billowy folds of this mystery substance and even allowed some of her best and most pious customers to take samples home as "holy relics."

One of these sacred bits of ghost-stuff, preserved in a jar of distilled water, finally came into Price's hands. He had it analyzed by a chemist and was able to produce exactly the same thing in broad daylight, without benefit of medium or seance. Its main ingredients were white of a new-laid egg, ferric chloride, phosphoric acid, gelatine and hot margaric acid from olive oil.

IN 1930, Mrs. Duncan consented to permit Price and his associates to attend a series of seances to prove that she was not faking. By using infra-red photographic equipment, Price made many photographs of the ectoplasm. When the films were developed, they showed cheesecloth.

The photos also showed that a "hand" which had appeared was a rubber glove, supported by cheesecloth, and that the head of "Peggy" was a picture of a girl's head cut from a magazine.

At another seance, the "control" told the guests that they could cut off a piece of the ectoplasm when it appeared. Price and his friends grabbed the stuff and snipped off a section. The medium screamed, and the rest of the stuff went down her throat. This time it wasn't cheesecloth but some tissue paper which had been soaked in egg white.

The psychical research laboratory published a report on Mrs. Duncan which was widely circulated. It said that she was able to secrete objects in her internal economy and produce them again whenever she desired.

Instead of damaging her reputation, the report brought her more customers than ever. In 1933 she was arrested and fined $50 after a seance in which one of the eight guests grabbed the "body" of baby Peggy. It turned out to be a woman's stockinette undervest.

But that incident didn't interfere with Mrs. Duncan's popularity, and Hannen Swaffer, the famous British journalist, insists that the most recent one won't either, once she's out of jail. Testifying in her behalf at the trial, he declared:

"We will fight to the end for her. I may be a fool, but I believe in Mrs. Duncan and we will take this case to the House of Lords, if necessary, to help her."

London's Holloway Prison Will Be a Ghost House While Mrs. Duncan and Her Spook Pals Serve Their Nine Months' Term.

HOLLYWOOD STARS YOU KNOW USE WESTMORE'S Overglo

FROM HOLLYWOOD COMES THIS SENSATIONAL NEW MAKE-UP FOR A LOVELIER YOU

FOR the flawless-looking complexion of the stars . . . one drop of Overglo . . . and presto! Quickly, evenly applied with your own fingertips, this new liquid-cream foundation of the Westmores camouflages large pores and little lines. Adds youthful smoothness under powder and rouge. Keeps make-up fresh all day. Never gives a masked appearance. Non-drying, definitely! *Not a cake—not a cream—cannot cause dry skin.* Its emollient lanolin and oil base helps defy dust and weather, too. One bottle lasts for months. Six flattering shades. $1.50, plus tax. *At all good stores.*

Complete your make-up with House of Westmore's famous Lipstick, Rouge, Face Powder and Creams. Each 50c, plus tax

Dainty girls get dates— guard your charm with Mum

Quick, dependable Mum —prevents risk of underarm odor

Men know it's nice to be near a girl who is always sweet . . . dainty. So guard that irresistible charm. Always use Mum—every day—after every bath. Your daily bath takes care of yesterday—removes *past* perspiration — but Mum prevents risk of underarm odor *to come!* Let Mum help you *stay* dainty — use Mum every day!

MUM'S SO QUICK—Smooths on in half a minute—yet keeps you dainty for hours.

MUM'S GENTLE—Won't irritate your skin—even after underarm shaving. Mum's safe for fabrics.

MUM'S DEPENDABLE—Without stopping perspiration, Mum prevents risk of underarm odor. You can trust Mum!

Product of Bristol-Myers

GET MUM TODAY!

MUM

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

NOW! You Can Afford $10,000 LIFE INSURANCE!

These Low Rates Make It Possible

• Here is a long-term policy that protects you for the expectancy of life based on your age, according to the American Experience Table of Mortality. It has cash and loan values. Rates quoted apply to standard risks.

Age	Monthly Rate Per $1000
20	$ .92
25	1.01
30	1.15
35	1.32
40	1.58
45	1.84
50	2.48

ITS NAME INDICATES ITS CHARACTER

AT AGE 35 a $10,000 policy costs you only $13.20 per month and will, should you die during the expectancy period, pay your beneficiary $10,000 or a monthly income for life. This low-cost policy cannot be issued in amounts less than $2,500. Write for full details, stating date of birth. Use coupon at right.

More Than One And One Half Billion Dollars Of Insurance In Force

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Please send me full details about your Low Cost Plan, which provides ample protection at low cost.

Name _____

Street Address _____

City and State _____ Date of Birth _____

Helpful household articles appear every week in The American Weekly

Budget Baby

MOST parents know it takes money to raise a baby, but Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Derer of Chicago are one of the few couples who can tell right down to the last penny the exact cost.

Beginning with the birth of their baby, Sharon, now five years old, Mrs. Derer kept a detailed account of every cent that was spent on the growing tot.

Her elaborate bookkeeping records, which accounted for every safety pin, were started, she explained, to prove her contention that

Every Cent Spent on the Youngster Was Put Down in the Family Ledger.

a youngster need not be considered a luxury.

Sharon's first year expenses totaled $270.17. Her second year costs dropped to $225.05; while the third year outlay shot up to $283.94. The fourth year came to $273.68.

Tabulating the fifth year has got the budget-conscious Mrs. Derer stumped because, a year and a half ago, the stork dropped off a brother, Gary, for Sharon.

And now the expenses of brother and sister overlap. Although she is keeping a budget list on both, she admits it probably is no longer accurate for Sharon.

"The two children eat so much of the same foods," she explained the other day in disclosing that she was not revealing the budgetary expenses for her daughter's fifth year, "that it is hard to tell exactly the expenses of each."

But even if the system has bogged down on its fifth year, Mrs. Derer contends that her figures bear out her contention — that, contrary to popular theory, it is not expensive to have a baby.

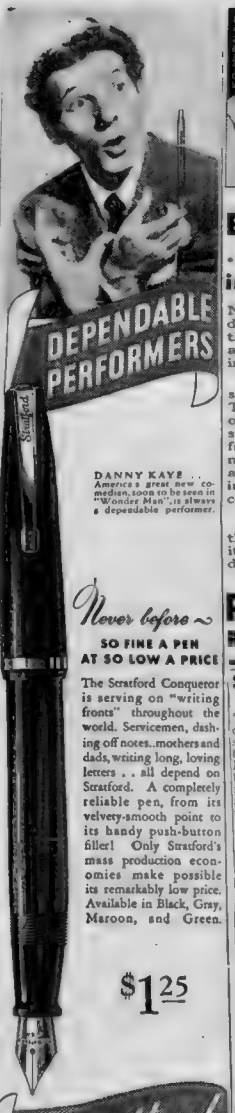
Fighting Fire With Radio

THE invisible waves of radio, as well as streams of water and clouds of chemicals, can be used to fight fire. This interesting fact was demonstrated the other day, in Philadelphia, when a blaze gutted three warehouses and endangered an old church.

Some of the fire fighters carried walky-talky radio outfits on their backs. As they went through the burning buildings they reported what they saw into their portable "mikes" and the chief picked up their words on his own walky-talky outfit.

This conversational contact between the men on the spot and the boss makes it possible to direct streams of water where they will do the most good and to swap information and orders at a speed that saves precious time and property.

Uncle Sam's fighting men have been using walky-talky radio for some time.


DEPENDABLE PERFORMERS
Stratford
DANNY KAYE . . . America's great new comedian, soon to be seen in "Wonder Man", is always a dependable performer.
Never before ~
SO FINE A PEN AT SO LOW A PRICE
The Stratford Conqueror is serving on "writing fronts" throughout the world. Servicemen, dashing off notes..mothers and dads, writing long, loving letters . . all depend on Stratford. A completely reliable pen, from its velvety-smooth point to its handy push-button filler! Only Stratford's mass production economies make possible its remarkably low price. Available in Black, Gray, Maroon, and Green.
$1.25
Stratford
THE DEPENDABLE PEN
SALZ BROTHERS, INC.
Salz Building, New York 1, N. Y.

New 11-Minute Shampoo Washes Hair Shades Lighter

This new special shampoo helps keep light hair from darkening — brightens faded blonde hair, Called Blondex, it quickly makes a rich cleansing lather. Instantly removes the dingy, dust-laden film that makes blonde hair dark, old-looking. Takes only 11 minutes at home. Gives hair lovely lustrous highlights—keeps just-shampooed look for a whole week. *Safe* for children. Get Blondex at 10c., drug and dept. stores.

BLACKHEADS ... usually result from improper cleansing

No matter how hard you try, if you don't get your skin really clean, those little black spots often appear and make you blue. Here's a cleansing method you will probably like:

Spread on a little Pompeian Massage Cream. Massage vigorously. That clean-looking pink cream rolls off an oily dirt-grey. It removes the surface accumulation of oily dirt from pore orifices, and aids in the mechanical removal of blackheads and similar skin blemishes . . . leaving your skin glowing with life and color . . . radiantly clean!

A Pompeian Massage costs less than 2c a treatment. At your favorite drug, 5 and 10c or department store.

POMPEIAN ROLLING MASSAGE CREAM

SUMMER MISERIES HAVE ONE ROUND TO GO

There's plenty of heat left in the old sun. So guard against late summer miseries with Mexsana, the soothing, medicated powder. Remember, excess moisture on the skin frequently causes heat rash, but Mexsana's special absorbent base helps prevent that misery. Also sprinkle on Mexsana to quickly soothe itchy mosquito bites, and to protect you from chafe. Contains ingredients specialists often use to relieve these discomforts. Costs little. Save most in larger sizes. Give your family real relief with Mexsana.

Get relief with St. Joseph Aspirin —World's Largest Seller at 10c

St. Joseph ASPIRIN

OVER SEVEN LAST SUMMER

Ever-Ready Oil 10c

MUST WOMEN ALWAYS SUFFER THIS TERRIBLE TORMENT?

The agony that many dainty women endure in silence would try the strength of the strongest man. Yet much of this suffering is wholly unnecessary. For welcome relief from the itching and irritation due to simple piles is often no farther away than the nearest drug counter.

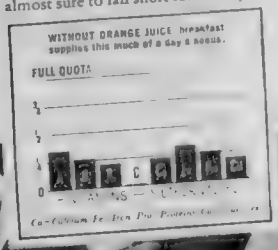
There you will find Sayman Salve, that grand medicated ointment which contains not just one, but THREE well-known medicinal ingredients — which helps to soothe, cool and protect the tender, irritated membranes, soften the hardened parts and lubricate the dry tissue. It acts as a comforting and palliative emollient. Two sizes—25c and 60c. All druggists.

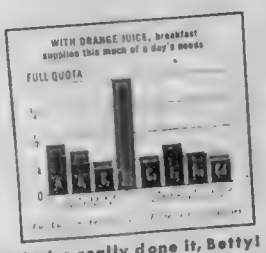
SAYMAN SALVE

Helen is a marvelous cook—

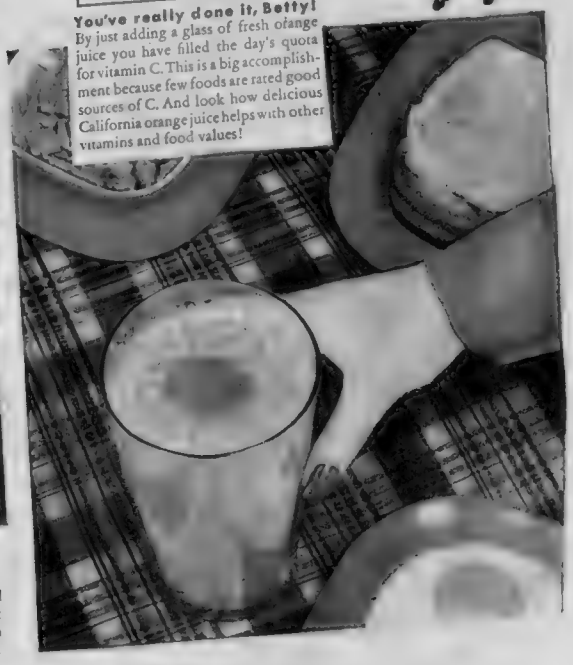
But Betty is doing a far better job for family health

A good start, Helen! You have tried to serve the kind of breakfast government and nutrition authorities say we need for energy and vigorous health. But you have skipped vitamin C. And studies show that if you don't get your vitamin C at breakfast you are almost sure to fall short for the day





You've really done it, Betty! By just adding a glass of fresh orange juice you have filled the day's quota for vitamin C. This is a big accomplishment because few foods are rated good sources of C. And look how delicious California orange juice helps with other vitamins and food values!



Tempting summer treats! Cool orange salads are wonderful to look at—and even better to eat! Just mix golden orange slices with crisp salad greens. Toss with French dressing. It's as simple as that! Or serve plump and juicy orange sections with berries and other fresh fruit for a delicious *light* dessert!

Lunch-box dessert! Include a whole orange for freshness, flavor and *vitawins*. Let the children enjoy them between meals, too!

Why You Have to Plan to Get Vitamin C

Here's the problem: We all need a lot more vitamin C than any other vitamin—and we need it every day. It helps fight off fatigue and infection, protects teeth and gums, and keeps us feeling "young." Oranges are the richest practical source of this important vitamin

To insure your daily quota of vitamin C start breakfast with one 6 to 8 ounce glass of orange juice. You will also get a bonus of A, B_1, B_2 (G), and needed minerals.

Buy trademarked Sunkist Oranges, the finest fruit from 14,500 cooperating California-Arizona citrus growers. They are "good keepers," save you shopping trips.

Copyright, 1944, California Fruit Growers Exchange

Sunkist

CALIFORNIA ORANGES

BEST FOR JUICE – *and Every use!*

"SOAPING" DULLS HAIR
HALO GLORIFIES IT!

Here's why your very first Halo Shampoo will leave your hair aglow with natural luster!

1. Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it . . . leaves it shimmering with glorious dancing highlights.
2. Even finest soaps leave dingy soap-film on hair. But Halo contains no soap . . . made with a new type patented ingredient it cannot leave soap-film!
3. Needs no lemon or vinegar after-rinse . . . Halo rinses away, quickly and completely!
4. Makes oceans of rich, fragrant lather, in hardest water . . . leaves hair sweet, naturally radiant!
5. Carries away unsightly loose dandruff like magic!
6. Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl!

Get Halo Shampoo today . . . in 10¢ or Larger sizes.

REVEALS THE HIDDEN BEAUTY IN YOUR HAIR!

To Help A Child Build Up
AFTER AN ILLNESS

TODAY, many physicians are advising Ovaltine for the child who is run-down after illness—for these two reasons:

First, Ovaltine supplies the *basic* food substances—complete proteins absolutely necessary to repair muscle, nerve and body cells—and high-energy foods for vigorous health. Ovaltine is specially processed for easy digestion and taken in food-drink form, so it often "stays down" when nothing else seems to agree.

Second, Ovaltine is one of the richest food sources of vitamins and minerals in the world. Three glasses daily, made with milk as directed, provide a child's full minimum requirement of Vitamins A, B1, D and G, and Minerals Calcium, Phosphorus and Iron. These vitamins and minerals, so important to speedy recovery, are often deficient in restricted diets.

Ovaltine is served in more than 1700 American hospitals. If someone in your family needs building up, try giving Ovaltine 2 or 3 times a day to speed the return of vigorous health.

OVALTINE

Squirt GIVES YOU GO!

Squirt
5¢
It's Delicious! It's Delightful!...It's SQUIRT...the easy, sparkling grapefruit drink that gives you GO! Try it!
FOR EXTRA GO!
America's Favorite Mixer

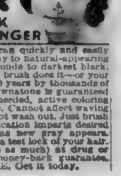
Trade-Marks of The Squirt Company • Copyright 1946 The Squirt Company Beverly Hills, California

QUILT PIECES
1000 Yards Thread FREE!
SEND NO MONEY

Large colorfast pieces. 3 lbs. (26 yds.) only $1.49 plus postage. Sent C.O.D. Money-Back Guarantee. FREE of extra cost—one thousand (1,000) yards good white thread FREE and 16 lovely quilt patterns FREE with order. Send no money just mail a penny post card TODAY. Act NOW!!

CROSS RENNANT SHOP Dept. 221 J Sumner, Illinois

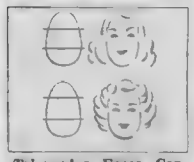
BRUSH AWAY GRAY HAIR
... AND LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER



● Now, at home, you can quickly and easily blot hateful streaks of gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 30 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by trying a test lock of your hair. 60c and $1.65 (3 times as much) at drug or toilet counters or on a money-back guarantee. Ask for BROWNATONE. Get it today.

The Over-All View

The Narrow Forehead Should Avoid a Flat-Top Hair Style.



Triangular Faces Can Be Balanced by Correct Hair Contours.

By URSULA TROW

THE modern ideal of feminine beauty is not limited to a single physical type. Some expert has said that every woman can be beautiful. And that every woman, even the most beautiful one, has some flaw. These flaws we like to camouflage, or cover up completely. And in order to do a good cover-up job we need to develop the ability to see ourselves objectively. For that purpose, every woman ought to have at least one good full-length mirror in her room—one in which she can get a close-up as well as a long-distance, an over-all, view.

Your Face

IF your forehead is disproportionately narrow, don't wear a flat-top hair style. Restyle your hair for moderate height by wearing soft curls off the forehead. A very high forehead can wear bangs effectively.

A long chin can be made to look shorter by exaggerating the fullness of your lips. Use a lipstick brush and draw lip curves which are a bit fuller than your lips.

If your face is triangular, that is, broader at the jaws than at your forehead, wear your hair short, or in an upsweep with fullness above the ears. But if it is your chin that is too narrow, wear your hair smooth on top and fluffed around your neck, not too long in length because that tends to lengthen your face.

Your Figure

AN otherwise plain dress or suit, with very square shoulders accented with some trimming, can minimize broad hips. This type of dress or suit in one color—no plaids, flowers or other design—is also good for a short, stocky figure.

Wide hips can be made less noticeable to some extent by straight up and down lines in the suit or dress design and avoidance of a tight-fitting waistline.

A flat-chested woman generally looks better with frills or ruffles at the neckline of her dress or blouse. Frills and ruffles also add femininity to an otherwise gawky figure.

The intelligent person faces her flaws honestly and restyles accordingly.

UNGUENTINE

RELIEVES PAIN
FIGHTS INFECTION
PROMOTES HEALING

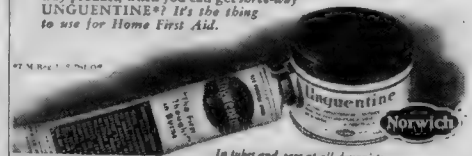
3-WAY FIRST AID
FOR MINOR BURNS AND SKIN INJURIES

It's not enough to relieve the *pain* of a burn. Modern first aid demands *three things:*

1. Relieve the Pain 2. Fight Infection
3. Promote Healing

UNGUENTINE does all three!

Why treat minor burns, scrapes and surface cuts with a *one-way* product, when you can get *three-way* UNGUENTINE?? *It's the thing to use for Home First Aid.*



In tubes and jars at all druggists.

High School at Home

Many Finish In 2 Years

No classes. No time wasted going to and from school. Progress as fast as your time and abilities permit. Standard H. S. texts supplied. Thousands enroll each year in this 47-year-old school. Send for FREE descriptive booklet.

AMERICAN SCHOOL Dept. H-62
Drexel at 58th St., Chicago 37, Ill.
Without obligation, please send FREE descriptive booklet.
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Address.....
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Save DRYCLEANING Bills
Brush beats dirt out with Safeway

BRUSH TOP SPOT REMOVER

● Save expense and cleaning delays. Simply place Brush Top over spot to be cleared. A few rubs...and presto, the spot is gone. Ideal for spotting greases, suits, uniforms, coats, hats, ties, rugs, carpets and upholstery. At 5 and 10c drug and department stores or send 25c for large 5 oz. package.

SAFEWAY CHEMICAL CO.

It's Chicken— and it's lickin' good!

COOK WITH CRISCO! No other shortening does so much to make wartime meals EXCITING and DIGESTIBLE!

Chicken is versatile. You can fix it so many ways. And every one is sure to be *exciting* to eat . . . easy to digest . . . when you cook with Crisco!

It's **true** with *all* your cooking. Crisco does more than any other shortening. For Crisco has a special cooking secret. Time after time, it gives you *lighter*, more tender cakes. A sure way to get flaky, tender pie crust *every time*. And with Crisco, there's no need to worry about digestions. Even Crisco *fried foods* are so digestible children may eat 'em!

Begin today! Use Crisco and follow the Crisco Pastry Method, and those Pastry Shells will melt in your mouth. Fry that Skillet Chicken in Crisco and you'll *know* it's digestible. Any time a recipe calls for shortening—reach for pure, all-vegetable Crisco and be *sure!*

SOUTH AMERICAN SKILLET CHICKEN

Frying chicken (3-3½ lbs.)
½ cup Crisco
1¼ cups rice
5 cups chicken broth or water
½ cup sliced stuffed olives
1 tsp. salt
2 tsps. scraped onion

Cut chicken in pieces. Roll in seasoned flour. Quickly brown in hot Crisco. (No need to fear upset digestions when you fry with Crisco. Crisp, light Crisco fried foods are so digestible even children may eat 'em!) In a large skillet, combine remaining ingredients. Add chicken. Cover. Bring to boil; simmer 30 min. or until chicken is tender. All Measurements Level. Serves 4-6.

Crisco

9 OUT OF 10 DOCTORS SAY:

"It's Digestible!"

NEW CRISCO COOK BOOK
Send 10¢ in coin and a Crisco label (any size) to Crisco, Dept. A, Box 837, Cincinnati 1, Ohio, for the 64-page "Recipes for Good Eating." Offer good in United States.

CREAMED CHICKEN IN PASTRY SHELLS

2 tbsps. Crisco
3 tbsps. flour
½ tsp. salt
⅛ tsp. pepper
1½ cups milk
2 cups diced cooked chicken
1 cup mushrooms, sautéed
2 tbsps. chopped pimiento
Single-crust recipe Crisco Pastry

Melt Crisco; blend in flour, salt and pepper. Add milk; cook 'till thick; stir constantly. Add remaining ingredients and heat through. Serve in pastry shells. (Be sure of flaky, tender pastry every time! Follow the new sure-fire Pastry Method on the Crisco label!) All Measurements Level. Serves 4-6.

CREOLE CHICKEN SHORTCAKE

1 recipe baking powder biscuit
2 tbsps. Crisco
2 tbsps. chopped onion
4 tbsps. chopped green pepper
½ cup chopped celery
4 tbsps. flour
2 cups tomato juice
1½-2 cups diced cooked chicken
1 tsp. sugar
1 tsp salt
⅛ tsp pepper

Make biscuit dough. (For flaky, tender biscuit, that's easy to digest, use Crisco in your favorite recipe.) Roll out half of dough to 8" round. Cut 3" circle from center. Roll out remaining dough and fit into 8" cake pan. Brush with melted Crisco and place ring on top. Bake in hot oven (450°F.) 15 min.

In hot digestible Crisco, fry onion, pepper and celery till tender. Stir in flour. Add tomato juice. Cook slowly; stir till thick. Add chicken and seasonings. Serve between layers of shortcake. All Measurements Level. Serves 4-6.

LET'S PLAN DINNER!

by Betty Crocker

● Melon Ball Cocktail
Tomato Soufflé with Creamed Sweetbreads, Mushrooms or Seafood
Lettuce-Watercress Salad
Potato Biscuits *(easy with Bisquick!)*
Chocolate-Orange Marble Cake
Surrounded by Brown-Eyed Susans

• • •

● **TOMATO SOUFFLÉ:** Serves 6 to 8 delectably, say my staff at General Mills.
Simmer 10 min. **1¾ cups Cooked Tomatoes** with **Seasonings** (1 Bay Leaf, 2 Cloves, 1 tsp. Salt, ⅛ tsp. Pepper, 1 cut-up small Onion, 1 tsp. Sugar). Strain. (There should be 1 cup.)
Melt **4 tbsp. Butter or Margarine**
Blend in **4 tbsp. Flour**
Remove from heat. Stir in tomato juice mixture. Cook until thick (about 5 min.), stirring constantly. Cool.
Stir in **3 Well Beaten Egg Yolks**
Fold into **3 Egg Whites** stiffly beaten with **¼ tsp. Cream of Tartar**
Pour into well greased 9" ring mold or 8" baking dish. Steam bake (in pan of hot water 1" deep) about 30 min., moderate oven (350°).

• • •

POTATO BISCUITS: Invitingly moist. Crispy crusts, fluffy within. Quick 'n easy—just Bisquick + milk + leftover mashed potato.
Into **2 cups Bisquick**
Blend **½ cup Mashed Potatoes**
Add **½ to ⅔ cup** Milk (to make soft, not sticky, dough)
Mix well. Then follow biscuit directions on Bisquick package.

• • •

● ***QUICKER WAY to make so many good things. I mean Bisquick. A blend of ingredients, including shortening. Simple directions on package for biscuits, muffins, waffles, etc. Calamity-proof with Bisquick!***

• • •

Free! New "Menu and Shopping Guide" for point rationing. Handy reference list of rationed foods with space for point values. Space for menus. Grocery check lists. To get your pad, mail postcard today to General Mills, Inc., Dept. 90S, Minneapolis 15, Minnesota.

"Bisquick" and "Betty Crocker" are registered trade marks of GENERAL MILLS, INC.

ICE CREAM
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11¢ a pint

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HOUSEHOLD ALMANAC

The Food Your Children Need

By FLORENCE BROBECK
Women's Editor

STARTING to school for the youngster of five or six, or going back to school for the older child, means an unusual drain on his health and vitality. The summer play days in the sunshine, with relaxation and also plenty of exercise are over. At the same time the need to concentrate, study, keep regular hours, sit still in a class room and do homework as well makes demands on young bodies which need sound health and high vitality if the child is to grow normally and have that sparkle which shows he is healthy and happy. And this calls for extra care on your part in planning and preparing his meals.

Nutrition Important

BUT good health is dependent on several factors, one of the most important being adequate nutrition. Child specialists and the nutritionists agree that good food habits should be started long before school age. Youngsters, say these specialists, should learn to feed themselves, to enjoy eating, to like a variety of foods, to eat enough of the right foods—a happy state of affairs which can be brought about if parents will help the children with patient, consistent effort.

Exercise and Rest

IN addition to good food habits, these nutritionists say, young children must have long hours of vigorous outdoor play which exercises the large muscles. They need some sunshine every day, if possible, and a balance between active and quiet play to safeguard against fatigue and, at the end of the day, things to do which are not too exciting.

Such children are hungry at meal time, ready for bed at night, and sleep soundly till morning.

An early bedtime helps in this program. Twelve to 14 hours of sleep are needed in each 24 for really active children. When possible there should be a period of rest before meals, a quiet, well-aired room in which to sleep, and parents who will see that the child gets the right amount of slumber, because few youngsters ever will admit they are tired.

Between Meals

WHEN a mid-afternoon or mid-morning snack is needed let it be milk or fruit, with or without crackers. But keep the child from "piecing." He should come to the table hungry. If he is seldom hungry take him to the doctor.

Make It Easy

AT the table let him have utensils he can manage; use smaller forks and knives for very young children, cups with handles large enough to hold, glasses which don't tip over easily.

Cut cooked vegetables, fruits and meats into bite-size pieces. Put chopped raw vegetables into small sandwiches, or have them as finger foods (carrot sticks, etc.) because salads are not easily managed by children.

Serve food attractively; variety in color, form and texture help appeal to the finicky child. And the child specialists add, "Have a quiet, calm atmosphere. Talk quietly about pleasant things. Do not use this time for scolding or punishment. Eat your own food with enjoyment; do not discuss food dislikes."

A Good, Hot Soup; Milk to Drink; Raw Carrot and Celery Straws; Cream Cheese, Bran Flakes Bread Sandwiches, Applesauce Make the School Day Luncheon.

Daily Food Requirements

THE foods needed every day should be included in simple meals served at regular hours. If possible, at the child's own small table, or in his regular place (a comfortably adjusted chair the right height) at the family table.

Highly-spiced foods, very sweet dishes, stimulating beverages, such as coffee and tea, and large amounts of fat should not be given children.

Here are meal patterns which you can follow daily:

Breakfast

Fruit—usually orange, grapefruit or tomato juice; or cooked fruit, sliced fresh fruit or berries; melon.
Cereal—whole-grain; or an egg; or both.
Toast and butter, or fortified margarine; or on rolls.
Milk—on cereal and to drink, or in cocoa.

Dinner

Meat, fish, egg or cheese dish.
Potato.
Vegetable.
Bread and butter, or fortified margarine.
Simple dessert—such as ice cream, milk pudding, cooked fruit with cooky.
Milk or cocoa to drink, or in soup.

Lunch or Supper

Main dish—such as cream soup; whole-grain cereal with milk; or egg.
Vegetable, green or yellow, raw or cooked.
Bread and butter, or fortified margarine.
Fruit, cooked or raw.
Milk or cocoa to drink.

Menus Children Like

Lunch Menu
Cream of Peas Soup, Crackers
Bran Flakes Bread and Cottage Cheese Sandwiches
Carrot and Celery Strips
Baked Apple, Cookies
Milk

Dinner
Fruit Cup
Shirred Eggs
Lemon Buttered Cabbage
Baked Potato
Bread and Butter
Raisin Tapioca and Cookies
Milk

For the Young Child
Warm Applesauce
Cooked Farina
Milk Sugar
Buttered Toast with Jelly (Whole-Wheat or Enriched Bread)
Hot Cocoa or Milk

High School Age Breakfast
Wheat Biscuits with Sliced Figs
Light Cream Sugar
Soft-cooked Egg
Toasted Muffins
Butter Honey
Cocoa

Bran Flakes Bread

2 cups sifted flour
2½ teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
½ cup sugar
½ cup chopped raisins
1 cup bran flakes
1 egg, well beaten
¾ cup milk
3 tablespoons molasses
3 tablespoons melted butter or other shortening

Sift the flour once, measure it, add the baking powder, the salt, and sugar, and sift again. Combine the egg, milk, molasses, and shortening. Add to the flour mixture, with raisins and flakes, stirring only enough to dampen all flour. Bake in a greased loaf pan, in a moderate oven (350 Deg. F.) one hour or until done. Let it cool. Wrap it in a damp cloth and store several hours before slicing.

Apricot Flakes Bread Substitute one-half cup each chopped apricots and chopped walnuts for raisins.

Oatmeal Veal Birds

1½ pounds veal steak, sliced thin
2 cups bread crumbs
1 cup raw oatmeal
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon ground sage
2 tablespoons bacon drippings
■ cup water
½ cup seedless raisins

Cut the veal into six squares. Pound it, season with salt and pepper. Combine the other ingredients and place a little of the stuffing on each piece of meat and roll it up with the stuffing inside. Fasten the rolls with wooden picks. Roll these in flour, season again with salt and pepper and brown them in the hot fat. Add one and one-half cups of hot water to the pan, cover it and cook slowly till the meat is tender, about 45 minutes or longer. Remove the meat to a hot platter. Add two tablespoons of catchup to the gravy. Stir it and pour over the meat. Six servings.

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For Family Meals

THESE are dishes for the family, but especially important when there are children at the table.

Lemon Buttered Cabbage

¼ cup melted butter or fortified margarine
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 small head cabbage

Wash the cabbage, look over it and cut in eighths, then rinse again. Drain and cover with a little salted boiling water, cover the pan and boil it ten minutes. Add the melted butter and lemon juice and then serve. Four servings.

Scalloped Carrots and Celery

1½ cups raw celery, diced
1½ cups raw carrots, diced
¼ cup water
2 tablespoons butter or fortified margarine
2 tablespoons flour
1 cup milk
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 tablespoon finely minced onion
3 tablespoons grated cheese
¼ cup buttered crumbs

Cook the celery and carrots together in just enough boiling water to cover, till they are tender. In another saucepan make a White Sauce by melting the butter, adding the flour and stirring till smooth. Then add the milk slowly, stirring constantly until thick and smooth. Add the salt, pepper, onion and stir. Then add the cheese and the cooked vegetables. Pour into a greased casserole and cover with buttered crumbs. Bake for 25 minutes in a moderate (350 deg. F.) oven. Six servings.

Simple Beef Stew

¼ pound boneless beef
1 small onion, sliced
2½ cups cubed raw carrots
2½ cups cubed raw potatoes
2 cups water
2 tablespoons flour
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper

Cut the beef in small cubes, and brown it in its own fat, with the onion. This must be stirred constantly because of the absence of fat in the pan. Add the carrots and potatoes. Stir the water into the flour and add to the vegetables. Cover the pot and simmer it for one hour, or until the beef is tender. Add the salt and pepper. Five servings.

TRY a pinch of nutmeg in chicken croquettes, and for the surprise element, roll the mixture around a bit of chicken liver or a cube of cooked ham before frying.

SOUP served in a thick, generous bowl which has been well heated in advance tastes better because the flavor does not escape and the last spoonful is as hot as the first.

New Leaflet on Tomatoes

TO help Victory gardeners make full use of their tomatoes, a new free folder of tomato recipes has just been published. A single copy of "Tomatoes On Your Table" (AWI-40) will be sent in response to requests addressed to the U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington 25, D. C. Recipes for main dishes, soups, salads, relishes and marmalades are included.

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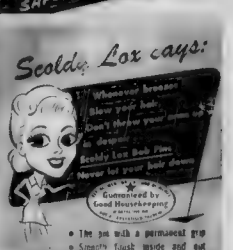

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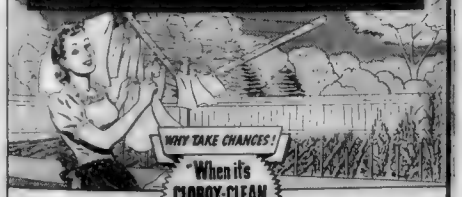

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New Jelly Roll — more moist, tender —

Spry's easy new way

Dry Ingredients

1 cup sifted cake flour
1 cup sugar
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon baking powder (with a tartrate powder, use 1½ teaspoons)
⅓ cup Spry

Liquid Ingredients

4 eggs
1 teaspoon vanilla
¼ teaspoon lemon extract

STEP 1 PUT DRY INGREDIENTS TOGETHER IN BOWL

Sift flour, sugar, salt and baking powder into mixing bowl . . . Drop in Spry.

STEP 2 ADD EGGS IN STAGES —BEAT AND BLEND

Add 2 eggs, vanilla and lemon extract and beat until perfectly smooth—about 100 strokes . . . *Scrape bowl and spoon often throughout the mixing* . . . Separate the remaining 2 eggs. Add yolks to batter and beat until well blended. (Did you ever see a batter go together so easy? That's New Spry's secret!) Beat the 2 egg whites until stiff and fold into batter.

Pour batter into shallow Spry-coated pan, 15½ x 12 x ½ inches, spreading batter evenly . . . Bake in moderately hot oven (375°F.) 15 minutes . . . Turn cake immediately from pan onto cloth sprinkled with confectioners' sugar. Quickly cut off crisp edges. Spread with jam or jelly (about 1 cup) which has been beaten with a fork so that it will spread easily. . . Roll cake, using cloth to push the roll. Work quickly so that cake will not crack. Leave in cloth at least ½ hour so that roll will remain nicely shaped. Serves 6 to 8.

Aunt Jenny says: "You'll thank New Easy-Mix Spry an' its New Cake Method for mixin' cakes amazin'ly quick an' easy. Such wonderful eatin', too—lighter, more delicious cakes that stay fresh and moist longer! See how much better cook you can be now you have new creamier Spry as your right-hand helper for *all* your bakin' an' fryin'!"

LAMB ROAST

1 medium onion, diced
½ cup celery, chopped
3 tablespoons green pepper, chopped
¾ cup raw carrot, grated
2 cups soft bread crumbs
1½ teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon thyme
¼ teaspoon paprika
¾ cup Spry, melted
4 pounds shoulder of lamb, cut with pocket

Combine first 10 ingredients . . . Fill pocket of meat with stuffing. Fasten together with skewers or tie securely with cord. . . Brush with 2 tablespoons additional Spry, season with 2 teaspoons salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper . . . Roast in moderate oven (350°F.), allowing 45 minutes per pound . . . See how pure, delicate Spry brings out all the flavor of the savory stuffing and tender, juicy meat. Serves 6 to 8.

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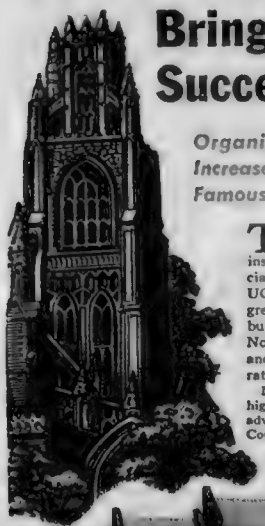

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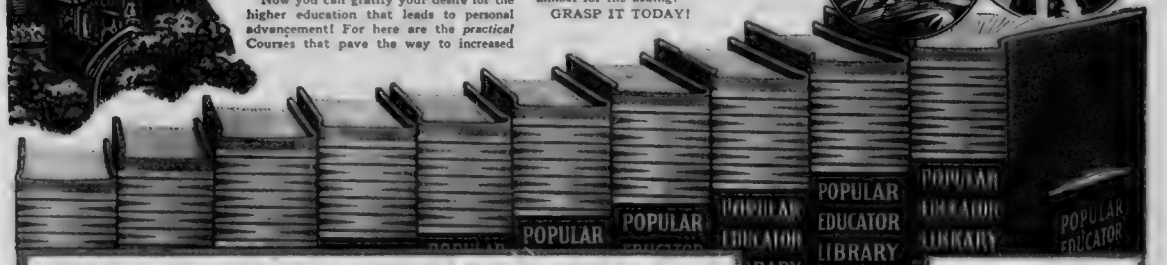

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The GENERAL'S Daughter

By Pauline Warren

HER father is an American general fighting at last on German soil and her husband is a hero imprisoned in Germany not far from where her father is fighting, but she is typical of all the women who are undergoing the agony of waiting for their men to come home.

Her name is Mrs. John K. Waters and before she was married 10 years ago it was Beatrice Patton because her father, Gen. George S. Patton, wanted his first-born to be named after his beloved wife. For the past year she has been carrying on alone, living in Washington and bringing up her two small sons—aged 6 and 4—to be brave and gay and strong enough to meet all odds.

She never gave in to despair when informed her handsome husband was first "Missing" and today, while the entire country is keyed up to nerve-breaking pitch at the news that American soldiers are at last in Germany, she hesitates to give in to joy.

"WE MUST not hope for too much," she says, "our men still have so much to do before they can come home. If our hopes are too high now it might lead to heart-break and disappointment. This is the time when we should write more letters than ever, send more packages, think of all the little things to do that keep our men happy and make them feel that all is well at home."

Asked how she had met the problem of the children's questions regarding the absence of their daddy she replied instantly:

"I hide nothing from them. They know where he is and they pray with me for his return. I want them to be strong and normal and learn how to take the hard things."

THE children have quite a lot to live up to—their father, the famed Lt. Col. "Johnny" Waters is the soldier that Gen. Dwight Eisenhower lauded in a broadcast from Africa in these words:

"The enemy poured in around his flanks and he was surrounded. Undismayed he carried on. He repulsed every attempt of the Nazis to dent his position. Then he was ordered back. His troops came out with 150 prisoners, while "Johnny" Waters stayed with a small detachment to cover the withdrawal. Since that moment we have not heard of "Johnny" Waters . . . whatever his fate . . . his example is a shining symbol of the America that will win this war. If there could be granted to me now an answer to just one prayer, it would be this:

" 'God let me in my post do my duty to my country as well as Johnny Waters did in his.' "

That's how Mrs. Waters learned that her Johnny was missing and it wasn't until later that he was reported alive and a prisoner in a German camp.

But on that very day he was reported lost she lifted her firm little chin defiantly and stubbornly asserted: "He'll come through all right." And she has never given up that faith. It shines out in heartening radiance in everything she does.

Today her faith is stronger than ever—now that she knows her husband and her father are within miles of each other.

"What a reunion that will be," she chuckled, shaking her head.

Then her blue eyes sparkling, she added: "But the real reunion will be when we all meet again at the old place in Hamilton (the Patton summer farm). What a day that will be when Pop and Johnny come marching home!"

PICTORIAL REVIEW
BOSTON SUNDAY ADVERTISER
SEPTEMBER 10 1944

EXCLUSIVE photo of Mrs. John K. Waters, daughter of Lt. Gen. George S. Patton, shown at her home in Washington for the first time with her two sons, George Patton Waters, 4 (note resemblance to General) and John K. Waters, Jr., 6, named after his hero father, now a prisoner of Germany.

International News Photo exclusive to Boston Sunday Advertiser

OH, LOUISE! *What Happened in* ROOM 917?

By ALFRED D. WHELTON

WHEN a lovely appearing lady weathers through five husbands and six divorces without fisticuffs or anything else resembling injury, it's bound to cause talk when her return to the single state comes up with a brain concussion and marred features.

That sums up the air of mystery about what happened in Room 917 of New York's Ambassador Hotel to Louise Stanley Munn, who was wed to five men—one of them twice—and divorced them all.

New York detectives insist that she was beaten up. They insist that she told them the beating was at the hands of Lawrence B. Lloyd, New York advertising man who occupied Room 917.

But Louise firmly refused last week to sign such a complaint against Lloyd and, just as firmly, told the magistrate in court that she came by her injuries as the result of a fall. That freed Lloyd from charges of felonious assault which had been placed against him by the New York de-

Here are three of the men in the life of Louise Munn. At left is Addison Randall, twice her husband; above is Dennis O'Keefe, another spouse, and (right) Lawrence B. Lloyd, New York ad man, accused of beating her but freed in court.

Mrs. Louise Stanley Munn, who divorced five husbands, and now is central figure in the "Mystery of Room 917."

tectives. The ad man frankly told the same detectives that the five-time marital veteran had been his guest in 917 on that night of Aug. 30.

But he had left, he said, and added something to the effect that if there had been fisticuffs that "the lady must have been shadow-boxing with herself."

THE boys in blue decided to be dead-pan to such an explanation so they took meticulously dressed Mr. Lloyd into custody and insisted that he tell whatever story he had to a magistrate

Louise was not present at the first hearing, her presence being more required in Lenox Hill Hospital so that doctors could treat the concussion and make repairs to her pretty, brunette features.

Asst. Dist.-Atty. James A. Daly handled the law for the Metropolis in presenting the story at that time to Magistrate Mathew J. Dserio.

"Were any instruments used in the assault?" inquired Magistrate Dserio.

"Only hands and feet," replied Prosecutor Daly.

There were other details discussed at that hearing and the upshot came when Advertising Executive Lloyd was held "for further hearing pending outcome of the victim's injuries."

To reporters Lloyd issued a statement:

"First, I want to thank you for your kindness and courtesy in this matter.

"Secondly, I want to deny the charges emphatically.

"Thirdly, I wasn't in the room and I don't know how she came about her injuries."

It was at the later hearing last Friday that Louise appeared in court to announce that her injuries had been received in a fall and that she did not intend to sign any complaint that would charge Mr. Lloyd with striking her.

Oddly enough Louise, whose maiden name is Keyes, is the daughter of Alvin Keyes, director of a state department in Illinois—the department of public safety, no less.

HER first love that led to the altar was with Dwight O'Keefe, a mild-mannered insurance man, who later was to become an Army captain with the advent of World War II. That breakup apparently was too insignificant to make the public prints.

Her second spouse was Lee Bennett, who made his living as a singer but of not enough renown to require special attention when Louise severed the marital splice.

No. 3 was Dennis O'Keefe, whose real name was Bud Flanagan but who turned out to be a leading star of the cinema with the O'Keefe tag.

Louise testified at her divorce hearing that Dennis had told her he didn't love her. She added that a property settlement had been made out of court.

Addison Randall was next on the list and he turned out to be a "two-time" loser.

Addison is remembered as the movie cowboy who later married Barbara Bennett after Barbara had experienced difficulties with Morton Downey, of silver-voiced tenor of fame.

Louise's fifth husband and final—so far—was Charles A. Munn, Jr., who hailed from the famous Philadelphia Munn family. Senior Mr. Munn is the wealthy owner of Tropical Park horse track in Florida.

CHARLES, who is now ferrying planes as a Navy lieutenant, had a tough time marrying Louise in the first place, the ceremony having been cancelled once only two hours before the set time.

Just what did happen in Room 917 may ever remain a moot question. Louise did not explain the circumstances which led to the fall nor any other details of that evening.

Mr. Lloyd's statement that he left the room a full three hours before the injuries were sustained still stands.

It was Mr. Lloyd's room and the injuries belong to Louise. It seems to be nobody else's business but their circle of friends are still talking.

El Señor Makes KAY and GABLE Very Happy

Beautiful Kay Williams (center) soon will be free to wed Clark Gable (left), examining Army film while in the service. Senor Macoco de Alzaga (above), Argentine cattle baron, has agreed to her divorce.

By KATHERINE DONOVAN

THE path of her new romance, which up to now has been strewn with the wreckage of a previous marriage, is now clear for beautiful Kay Williams, and she is free if she wishes to marry Clark Gable, who is rumored to hold the key to her heart.

It is a very happy occasion for Kay, as it would be to any girl who had the remotest chance of marrying Clark Gable. And it has come about through her estranged and soon-to-be-ex-hubby, Senor Macoco de Alzaga, a dark-haired young millionaire cattle baron from Argentina.

After a year of marital wrangling, Senor de Alzaga has agreed with true Latin politeness to bow out of the marriage picture, and to impose no further barriers to the freedom of the golden-haired girl he once called "too beautiful."

He has consented to make no further contest of an interlocutory divorce decree which Kay obtained from him in California last Sept. 11. At that time he contended the decree wasn't worth the scrap of paper it was written on, and that anyway, Kay had invalidated it by coming from California to New York to visit him and talk things over.

But now, with rumors of an approaching Gable-Williams marriage so rife that some columnists have set the date, and have described the magnificent prenuptial jewelry which Clark is said to have presented to Kay, the senor has given in, apparently sympathetic to the idea that any girl who can win Gable's love shouldn't be deprived of such a prize—not even a wife.

Of course, as some friends say, it could be in the case of the senor—familiarly known in Hollywood and on Broadway as "Macoco"—that another lovely blonde, the torch-singing Dolores Gray, has so thoroughly consoled him that he no longer feels the pain and anger caused by his breakup with Kay Williams. Anyhow, he has relented, and some time this week Kay will be legally free to love and wed Clark Gable, if that's the plan.

Kay's romance with Macoco was a stormy one. Although he courted her for more than three years, their marriage in 1942 lasted only a week. Two months later Macoco sued for annulment, charging Kay was his senora in name only. This suit was denied.

Then it was Kay's turn. The dazzling blonde who had been hailed by no less an authority than her boss, John Powers, as "the most beautiful cover girl in the world," brought her own suit, this time seeking divorce.

She testified that the Argentinian cattle king had a flaming South American temper, that he flew into rages hotter than his native tamales, and that he went beserk when other men paid her attention.

One of their major misunderstandings took place Aug. 11 at their Beverly Hills hotel after a party, Kay said.

"He said I was too beautiful and too attractive to other men," she testified. "He said he couldn't stand it, and he twisted my wrist and pushed me so hard I fell down."

AS SOON as rumors reached Macoco from Hollywood that Kay's name was romantically linked with Gable's, he went into another rage and swore he would contest her divorce action. He had expected Kay to meet him for a showdown last June when she was due to arrive on location at Lakehurst, N. J., for a picture she was making. But Kay remained in California.

Macoco then decided to go to California to contest the divorce. He gave a huge consolation party at El Morocco before leaving, and while his cronies were gathered about him, he received a long-distance call from the West Coast. It was Kay, and she managed to soothe him to the point of remaining in New York.

Now at last he has apparently relented, after dozens of similar calls, and has decided he will do nothing further to block that romance, much to the happiness of all concerned.

The lovely Kay, who by sheer beauty rose from a farm girl on the family farm in Erie, Pa., to a cover girl with her picture on magazine covers throughout the nation, first met Clark Gable last spring, when he was on his first leave from his valiant serv-

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JUSTICE and the Case of . . . The River Mysteries

By PETER LEVINS

SCENE—The Hudson river off Manhattan Island. Time—a dark night.

How often, in the annals of New York crime, that scene and time have figured in grisly and mysterious deeds it would be difficult indeed to estimate. Had the river a voice, it could well echo the ghost of Hamlet's murdered father

"I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part
And each particular hair to stand on end"

Within recent days another chapter has been added to this particular phase of the Hudson's history.

LATE one night a few weeks ago, during the record-breaking heat spell that had New Yorkers gasping for days on end, a slender, blonde young man named Lucien Carr, a student at Columbia University, and a friend, David Kammerer, 33, strolled to the river's edge at Riverside Drive and 115th st. It was cooler there than back in the stone-hemmed streets. They sat down together on the grass.

Carr, 19, son of a family formerly prominent in St. Louis, lived with his mother on W. 118th st. Described as a "definitely superior student," always quiet and well-behaved, he had just completed his freshman year at Columbia, where he was taking the liberal arts course.

Kammerer, whom the boy had known in St. Louis, had formerly taught English and physical education at Washington University in that city. He had come to New York soon after Carr entered Columbia, and the two had seen each other from time to time. Kammerer had deteriorated during the year, barely keeping himself alive by doing janitorial work.

AS RELATED, it was very hot on Aug. 13-14; the mercury registered 94 at 4 p. m., Aug. 13. Sweltering inhabitants flocked to the beaches and the parks and the waterfronts. Young Carr and Kammerer reclined on the grassy embankment above the Hudson.

Suddenly a struggle ensued. Carr, who weighed 140 pounds, found himself being overcome by the older man, who weighed 185. In desperation, the youth pulled out his Boy Scout knife, a relic of his boyhood, and plunged the blade twice into Kammerer's chest. Kammerer fell heavily and lay still.

Carr stood there, the bloody knife in his hand, within shouting distance, and possibly within sight of hundreds of people. He did not know whether Kammerer was alive or dead, but his impulse was to get the body out of sight. He rolled the inert form down to the water's edge, frantic at the thought of being observed.

As quickly as he could, he took the laces from Kammerer's shoes and used them to tie the hands and feet. Then he took off the man's shirt, tore it into strips, and tied them about the body also. He also fastened Kammerer's belt about the arms.

Next, his panic mounting with every moment, he gathered together as many small rocks and stones as he could find nearby, placed them in Kammerer's pockets and inside his clothing.

Finally he pushed this trussed and weighted object into the swift-flowing water.

In the distance, from over the water, a ferryboat tooted. Behind, from some steaming apartment house, a woman laughed...

LUCIEN CARR wandered away from the scene, not knowing for sure whether this ghastly thing had happened to him, or whether it might be some nightmare that had possessed him during a fitful, heat-tortured sleep.

But he had in his hand a pair of spectacles, which he had picked up off the blood-stained grass. They were not his spectacles.

What now? He thought of running away and joining the Merchant Marine. (He had been classified 4F by Selective Service on medical grounds.) But would that be a means of escape? Hardly. Finally, after pacing the streets until dawn, he went home and told the whole story to his mother.

Mrs. Carr immediately communicated with a lawyer, who took Lucien to the district attorney's office. Assistant District Attorney Jacob Grumet, in charge of the Homicide Bureau, listened to the strange tale, then called in Capt. Daniel Mahoney of the Homicide Squad and Capt. Thomas Hannigan of the West Side detective bureau, both of whom went to work on the case with some of their best men.

But the hours passed, and the police could not find the body, nor any evidence to indicate the commission of any crime. Carr, meanwhile, sat in the D. A.'s office reading "A Vision," a philosophical treatise by William Butler Yeats.

FINALLY, on the morning of the 16th, Lucien remarked that he might be able to substantiate his story. He said he had picked up Kammerer's glasses, after pushing the body into the water, and later had buried them in Morningside Park. "I think I could find them," he added.

He accompanied detectives to a thicket in the park, dug up the glasses, then went to the foot of 115th st. and re-enacted the nightmarish events.

The party had hardly returned to the district attorney's office when word came, at 2:30 p. m., that a Coast Guardsman had seen a body floating in the river off 168th st.

By the time the body was brought ashore at 79th st., Carr was at hand to make the identification. It developed that all but one of the rocks had fallen out of Kammerer's pockets and clothing, permitting the body to float.

A week later Lucien was indicted on a charge of murder in the second degree.

Earlier in the year the Hudson had solved what had promised to become a major mystery, the disappearance of Vasla Anna Matthai, 21-year-old heiress of Bombay, India. She, too, had been a student at Columbia.

Miss Matthai, a resident of International House, 122d st. and Riverside Drive, was last seen at about 4:45 a. m., March 20, when she summoned an elevator to her floor and was carried to the ground floor. Apparently she vanished in a blinding snowstorm then sweeping the city.

According to reports, she carried no bag, left no notes, and seemed in excellent health. However, she had not dressed warmly enough for a stroll in the snow, and this led to the theory that she had never left the building. But the most extensive search, there and in other buildings of the region, failed. She seemed to have vanished as completely as had Dorothy Arnold, 33 years before.

But all the time the Hudson held the secret.

The body was found on May 17 some 200 feet off the Yonkers shore near the New York City boundary. Miss Matthai had died by drowning; apparently a suicide. The autopsy showed that she had been drinking, and there were hints of a hopeless romance.

Perhaps the thought of the river receiving her in the dark and the snow had proved too much for her to resist. She would not have been the first to feel such an urge — to escape this earth and be carried down with the tide to the wide ocean.

Remember Anna Urbas? Daughter of a poor miner, she was born in Thomas, W. Va., a town of 2000 inhabitants.

As a child she was gay and graceful; she loved to sing and dance and play the piano. She developed into a beauty.

When she was 16, Anna went to New York—the year was 1922 - soon after an older sister had obtained a job as a servant girl there. The sister was able to get work as a nursemaid, and Anna wrote to her mother that New York was like a city in a dream.

BECAUSE we have not the details with which to embroider the interval, our story must advance some seven years, to a day in 1929 when a young couple rented a modest bungalow at Breille, N. J., and went to live there, calling themselves Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Rice. The man was Eugene Morgan, polished Manhattan criminal long identified with the local underworld. The woman was Anna Urbas.

They were still living in this hideout when, on the evening of Aug. 9, 1929, four men in a Packard sedan drove up to the cottage. Moran took a seat in the tonneau—and the next day his charred and unidentified remains were found in the same sedan on the Newark, N. J., city dumps.

It has been said that Anna identified three of Moran's companions as James Batto, a well-known racketeer; Mortimer Schubert, another underworld figure; and Danny Ahearn, ditto.

Batto's body was found on Sept. 11, that same year, in an automobile at Fifth ave. and 107th st.

Two days later Ahearn was shot, though not fatally.

On Nov. 14, the remains of Mortie Schubert were found under the elevated structure at Broadway and 125th st. He had been cut with knives—one ear had been sheared right off—and horribly burned, before he had been finished with a bullet.

MEANWHILE, what of Anna?

She had fled Brielle the morning after Moran disappeared. There were traces of her here and there in subsequent months, but there were no traces of her whatever after March 24, 1930. That was three days after the corpse found on the Newark city dump had been identified as the missing Gene Moran.

Police wanted her for questioning in connection with the Moran killing. The newspapers called it "the greatest woman hunt in the history of New York."

But there was no finding Anna Urbas. Not alive.

It was not the Hudson, but a small relative, the Harlem, that gave up the body, which was found near 159th st. on May 29, 1930. Anna had been trussed with wire, weighted with iron, and then thrown alive into the river.

REMEMBER Anna Aumueller? On Sept. 6, 1913, a fisherman brought to the Edgewater, N. J., bank of the Hudson the upper half of a headless body.

Two days later another fisherman found the hips and the lower half of the body.

The parts had been wrapped in moth paper. One section had been bound in a pillow slip bearing the mark of a Newark manufacturer. The packages had been bound with milliner's wire.

Chief of Detectives Joseph A. Faurot scrutinized the list of missing women, but none reported seemed to fit the anatomical evidence. (Incidentally, the head was never found.) Then he turned to the pillow slip, with its embroidered "A" in one corner.

He traced every pillow slip that had been sold by the factory from the same lot—hundreds and hundreds of them. When his men got through, three slips remained unaccounted for. These had been sold by an Eighth ave., Harlem, shopkeeper.

He recalled selling two of them to "A. Van Dyke," 68 Bradhurst ave., and the third had been sold to a barge captain.

THE barge captain was quickly traced, as well as the pillow slip he had purchased. That left the two slips sold to the "A. Van Dyke" on Bradhurst ave. Faurot led his men to the address, climbed up a fire escape, and entered the Van Dyke flat through a window.

They found only a bed frame and springs in that room, but in another they found a small trunk which contained, among other articles, a number of letters addressed to Anna Aumueller at the rectory of St. Boniface's

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Under the blanket (in foreground) lies the body of Anna Urbas, small-town girl, whose dreams of glamour in the big city ended in the Hudson river.

Lucien Carr, 19-year-old Columbia University student (above), and Vasla Anna Matthai (left) have divergent roles in the Hudson river mysteries.

Hollywood's Strangest Story

By DAVID INGRAM

Hollywood's stranger-than-fiction story of tender deception started 10 years ago when Russ Columbo (above) was killed in an accidental shooting. The late Carole Lombard (left) was Columbo's constant Hollywood companion at the time.

HOLLYWOOD, that city of strange doings and strange tales, has just come to the last chapter of the strangest story it will ever know.

It is the tale of a golden voiced crooner, dead by tragic accident for 10 long years, but still alive to his aged, ill and half blind mother.

As August turned into September this year, Mrs. Julia Columbo died quietly and peacefully in the film capital, believing to the very last that her son, Russ, that handsome singer, orchestra leader, and film star, was still alive and that she would see him soon. She died happy in the belief that he was winning great fame abroad—and he had been dead for more than a decade.

It was the greatest deception ever practised, and one of the tenderest. Carole Lombard participated in it till the day of her tragic death. Sally Blane helped.

BUT it was the Columbo family who really kept it up to the end. Every week Mrs. Columbo, nearly blind now and very ill and old, received a letter from "Russ."

Actually it was written by her husband, Nicholas, or one of the other four children: Tony in Philadelphia, Albert, John and Mrs. Carmela Tempest in Hollywood.

Those letters must have been hard to write for each of them was filled with accounts of what Russ had seen or done, tales of his great successes in England or the continent, and apologies for the fact that he was too busy and too tied up to return even for a flying visit.

Once a month, there was a different sort of letter. It contained a check for $398 from Russ. Actually, it was the payment to her from his insurance policy. But she never knew that.

Two years ago, her husband died, and then the children had to write all the letters. They kept writing them until the very end.

This strangest of all Hollywood tales began almost exactly 10 years ago. Mrs. Columbo was very ill then; she had suffered a severe heart attack and they had taken her to Santa Monica hospital.

ON THE afternoon of September 2, her son, Russ, was on his way to visit her.

He was at the height of his fame then. And he had come a long way since he was born Ruggiero Columbo in San Francisco, the youngest of 12 children. He received his grammar school education there and later attended high school in Hollywood when his family moved there.

But school didn't interest him much because he was bound he would be a musician. He left his studies to tour the country as a concert violinist. He studied under Alexander Bevanti, the noted operatic coach, and suddenly turned into a singer.

He was first featured with an orchestra at a Hollywood hotel and then shot to fame.

For a year he toured as featured singer with Gus Arnheim's orchestra and then organized a band of his own, which led him to instant success on the radio.

He helped write a number of song hits, too, and "Time On My Hands," which he did in collaboration with Leo Robins, is still remembered. Others were "You Call It Madness But I Call It Love" and "Just Another Romance."

And he had one great ambition in his head—to study for grand opera.

He had appeared in several films, one of them "Broadway Through a Keyhole," with Constance Cummings, and he'd just finished his first real starring picture, "Wake Up and Dream."

SALLY BLANE, the movie actress, was one of his closest friends; another was Hannah Williams, who divorced Roger Wolff Kahn, way back in 1933.

But his name was coupled most constantly with that of Carole Lombard, the glamorous blonde actress who had been divorced from William Powell, and who was later to marry Clark Gable. It was, indeed, no secret in Hollywood that there was a budding romance between Carole and Russ.

Where Carole went, Russ went, and that was how matters stood on the afternoon of September 2, 1934.

Russ was bound to Santa Monica Hospital to see his mother and he was worried, because they were afraid she might not live.

If he hadn't stopped in at the home of his friend, Lansing V. Brown, the celebrated portrait photographer, the tragedy would never have happened. But he did stop.

BROWN was the friend of many radio and movie stars, and he had a remarkable collection of old and picturesque weapons. Among them were many pistols.

He wanted to show Russ his greatest prize, a French duelling pistol that antedated the Civil War.

I was absent-mindedly fooling with the gun during my entire conversation with Russ," Brown said afterward. "I was pulling back the trigger and clicking it time after time. I had a match in my left hand and when I clicked, evidently the match caught in between the hammer and the firing pin.

"There was an explosion. Russ slid to the side of his chair. I thought he was clowning. It was all mighty fast.

"I called my mother and father who were in another room and father called the police."

The bullet—a penny's worth

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Sally Blane (left) helped keep news of Columbo's death from his mother. The deception ended when Mrs. Columbo died recently.

Legs + Art + Cupid = Star?

By ANTHONY MERRILL

WHAT a difference 30 years can make!

Take, for example, russet-haired Hazel Brooks, whose trek into films was on her "million-dollar legs." Hazel is at the tender age of 19.

Team her up with Cedric Gibbons, one-time husband of Dolores Del Rio and highline art director, and one has something there, Cedric is 49.

Well, fate, or love, has teamed them up and out of their impending marriage may come stardom for Hazel to replace the "bit" parts she has been playing in chorus lines or the "art" she has been displaying for advertising and publicity campaigns.

At least, Cedric has the talent for teaching and Hazel has the material "art" with which a good director can work.

So, as man and wife, this could be a situation where the man really is boss and still have the little woman benefit.

When Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer scoured the nation for fresh talent, Hazel, then a Conover model in New York, was spotted and sent to Hollywood. Her initial appearance was as a featured showgirl in "Du Barry Was a Lady."

Movie starlet Hazel Brooks (right and below) may soon be stepping with her "million-dollar legs" from "bit" parts in filmland to starring roles.

DURING the filming, Hazel was spotted by Varga, the celebrated artist, who described her as the girl with "the most glamorous gams in Hollywood."

It was Varga's enthusiasm over her underpinning and a new screen test that resulted in a new contract for the girl with the million-dollar legs.

It so happened that Cedric Gibbons was chief art director for the company at the time, and Cedric, of course, became interested officially. His romantic interest was to follow as they say—forthwith.

The romance has been anything but a fly-by-night. As a matter of fact they have been engaged almost from the date of the contract and that was in February, 1943.

But now they have reached the stage at which the marriage license has been issued but the time and whereabouts of the ceremony are strictly a secret the two hold to themselves.

Cedric Gibbons and his second wife, Dolores Del Rio, before marital troubles set in to end their ten years of happiness. Gibbons has filed intentions to wed again.

FOR Hazel it will be her first experience in matrimony. She was born in Capetown, South Africa, and was brought here to America by her mother when her father, an English businessman, died. She was educated at Washington Irving High School in New York and became a professional model after graduation. She is 5 feet 7 inches tall and weighs 122 pounds.

Cedric, however, is a veteran in this marriage business. His first wife was Gwendolyn Waller Gibbs, a sculptress in New York's Greenwich Village, back in January, 1926. Two and a half years later divorce ended that union but Cedric still had financial troubles alimony and what not - with the first Mrs. Gibbons until sometime after Dolores and Cedric decided to hit it off together in 1931.

For 10 years the Gibbons-Del Rio combine operated with success, which brings the love life of the director up to March, 1940. In trembling voice, Dolores announced at the time:

"After months of unhappiness, both Cedric and I have decided it is best to part. When marriage between two people becomes impossible it is much wiser to say good-by.

"We are parting good friends and I think Cedric feels as badly as I do that we haven't been able to settle our difficulties."

Cedric said nothing, except that he would rather his wife do whatever talking necessary.

For a Latin, Dolores contained herself admirably. She had practically nothing to say, either.

SO no one knew just what constituted the "mental cruelty" which she later said she suffered. Their friends jokingly commented that it might be that he might have had too coarse tastes in food . . . that he don't care for a luncheon of gardenia petals.

Cedric, born in Dublin, probably liked roast beef and potatoes. Dolores made headlines when it was discovered that she grew and ate such delicacies as roses, gardenias and lilies.

At first this was put down as a dream of a Hollywood press agent. But guests who were entertained at the exotic Spanish hacienda found themselves facing a gardenia salad . . . and Dolores not only ate hers with gusto, but insisted on their trying it.

"But you eat lettuce," she would say. "This is so much nicer." Maybe Cedric just wouldn't munch on blossoms.

From all appearances, it would seem that Cedric Gibbons may take a new lease on life—in the dual role of fond husband and as teacher of a bride who may rise to stardom. It will be interesting, to movie fans at least, to see what a difference of 30 years can make.

Boston Social Whirl

By THE CHAPERON

ONE OF the busiest volunteers on duty at Wednesday's gala opening of the French Restaurant on Newbury st. (where all profits go to the American Relief for France) was Mrs. John A. Tuckerman, who, smilingly covered her smart black crepe with a crisp white apron, banded in the French tri-colors, and put in a couple of hectic hours behind the salad bar.

While most of the volunteers donate an occasional leisure hour or two to this worthwhile enterprise, Betsey Gilbert Rimmer . . . the Charles P. Rimmers' popular post-deb seems to have won a permanent spot at the charming little basement restaurant, where she will be waitressing each day (from noon until 2 o'clock) for the honor and glory of France, and at the same time perfecting her French. Betsey, by the way, is one of our most charming young socialites . . . she's tall, slender and blue-eyed, wears her brown hair in a deeply-banged shoulder bob, has a sunny disposition and heaps of personality.

Wednesday's reopening marked the third consecutive season of the French Restaurant. In former years the proceeds were used for the purchase of surgical supplies and ambulances. This year all funds will go to the American Relief for France for the purchase of materials and support of the sewing rooms, where clothing will be turned out for the people of liberated France.

Everything was bright and gay at the opening luncheon (attended by lots of civil and military leaders), with Boston's famous S. Hooper Hooper's equally famous wine served to the guests of the day. And to show complete appreciation for the luscious food, the chef, Arthur Hautcoeur, was called from his kitchen to be toasted and applauded by the assembled luncheoners.

Among our important socialites on hand for the opening were Mrs. Horace Binney, Mrs. William Davies Sohier, Mrs. William Endicott, Mrs. Robert F. Herrick, Mrs. William Ladd, Mrs. Russell Burrage, Mrs. Vincent Greene, Brig. Gen. Sherman Miles, U. S. Army, and Mrs. Miles and Ramon Penn.

Trading Post

THE WIDELY HERALDED North Shore Trading Post opens for business tomorrow in the Wenham Historical Barn and Wenham Town Hall, Main st., for six days of daily selling, from 10 a. m. to 5 p. m., to raise funds for charity and civic improvement.

Mrs. Samuel Conary, in charge of the group of committee members and other volunteers, including those who have offered to help with the large amount of bookkeeping which the sale entails, have worked untiringly receiving and displaying the vast quantity and variety of wares. Large and small articles, some of them no longer obtainable in the usual markets, some of them collectors' items, have come in for disposal under the share-the-profit plan which gives the owners 50 per cent of the selling price and the North Shore Babies' Hospital and Wenham Historical Society 25 per cent each.

Among those who will serve as salespeople during the week is a group of Wenham residents, including Mrs. Donald H. Bell, Mrs. Theodore C. Hollander, Mrs. John A. Corcoran, Mrs. Arthur Lindsley, Mrs. Wentworth Kennard, Mrs. Fred Ashworth, Mrs. Henry O. Phippen, Jr., Mrs. Winthrop Ashworth, Mrs. Donald J. Jeffers, Mrs. Nelson Bond, Mrs. William R. Campbell, Mrs. C. P. Swain, Mrs. Louise Roderick, Mrs. Orpheus L. Woodbury, Mrs. Vincent S. Kraeger, Miss Marjorie Davis, Miss Emily Currier, Miss Molly Gorham, Mrs. Charles E. Inches and Mrs. Alanson Daniels. Also, Mrs. Harold A. Wise of Beverly Farms.

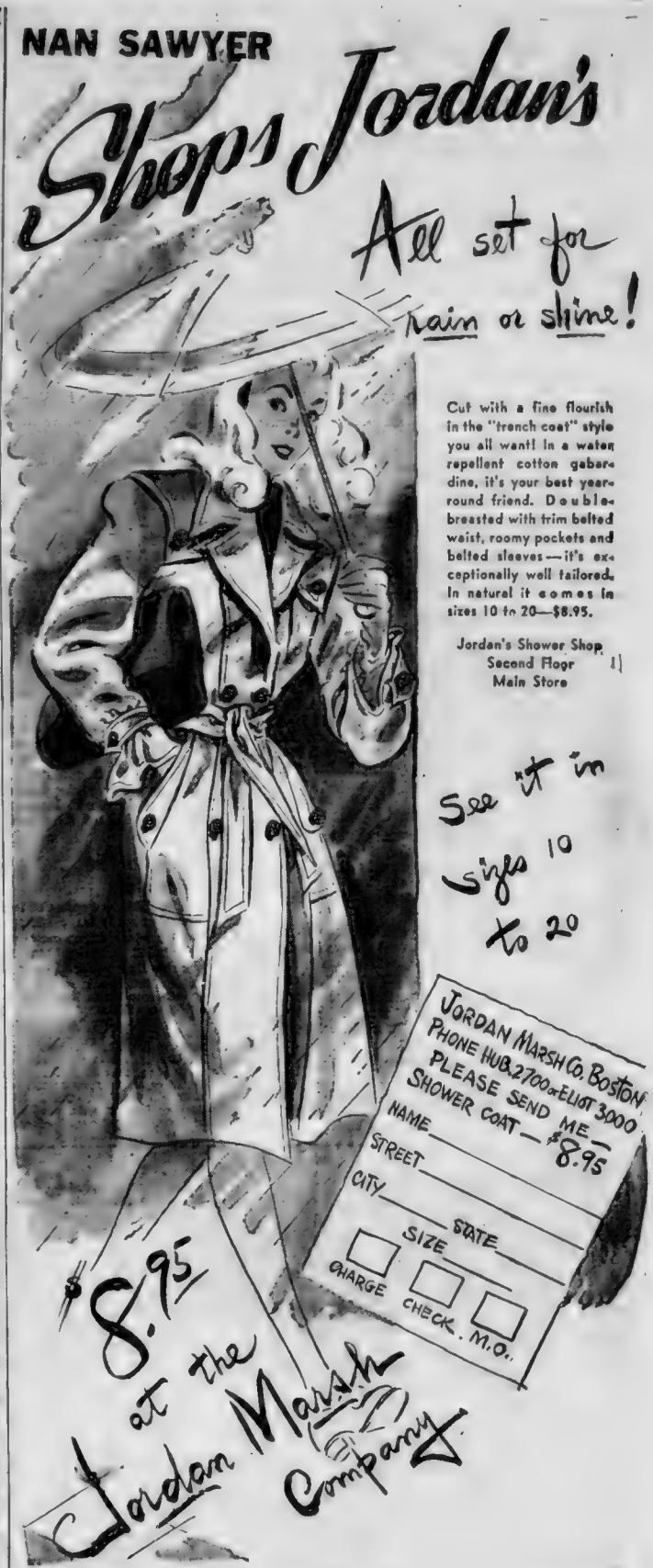
The committee which planned and set up the Trading Post, for the benefit of the hospital and the historical society, is headed by Mrs. Edward H. Osgood of Wenham as general chairman, and is composed of members of the hospital's board of directors and historical society members.

"Fashions for Freedom"

LOTS OF interest in the "Fashions for Freedom" show on the cards for Tuesday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock in Filene's restaurant, where "American Trends" . . . a dynamic presentation of daytime and evening styles for the modern American woman, and "Russian Modes" . . . a unique display of the American influence on 1945 styles for Russia's valiant women . . . will be paraded by a bevy of glamorous models, while the fascinated audience sips afternoon tea.

Sponsors for this interesting event include Mrs. Max Ulin, Mrs. John Wells Farley, Mrs. E. Grenville Crabtree, Mrs. Benjamin Kraus, Miss Anna Manion, Miss Carolyn LaVere, Mrs. Joseph I. Seifert, Mrs. David Small, Mrs. Albert Bradley Carter, Dr. Katherine Drinker, Mrs. Hugh Cabot, Mrs. L. G. Summers, Mrs. Harry E. Posner, Mrs. Louis Nichols, Mrs. F. Brittain Kennedy, Mrs. Coleman McDonough, Mrs. Joseph Scanlon and Mrs. Elliott Cutler.

Among the Russian War Relief volunteers promenading the Russian "Modes" will be Gloria Smith, Norma Keohane, Augusta Waldman, Ruth Rossman, Nancy Breen, Bonnie Wasserman, Hilda Cohen, Vera Kilstein and Patricia McCrann.


NAN SAWYER
Shops Jordan's
All set for rain or shine!
Cut with a fine flourish in the "trench coat" style you all want! In a water repellent cotton gabardine, it's your best year-round friend. Double-breasted with trim belted waist, roomy pockets and belted sleeves—it's exceptionally well tailored. In natural it comes in sizes 10 to 20—$8.95.
Jordan's Shower Shop
Second Floor
Main Store
See it in sizes 10 to 20
JORDAN MARSH CO. BOSTON
PHONE HUB. 2700 or ELIOT 3000
PLEASE SEND ME—
SHOWER COAT—$8.95
NAME
STREET
CITY
STATE
SIZE
CHARGE
CHECK
M.O.
$8.95
at the Jordan Marsh Company

Mrs. Orcutt's 'Mornings' Of Interest to Society

By ALICE WILLIAMS

GLEAMING OUT ON THE SEASON'S CALENDAR of "musts" are Mrs. William Dana Orcutt's entertaining "Mornings of Diversion." New England Mutual Hall will again be the setting for these fashionable pre-noon gatherings . . . with the opening date set for November's very first Wednesday, and the Indian Princess, Te Ata, the attraction.

The other programs in the fascinating series (all on Wednesday mornings at 11, preceded by the serving of coffee) are scheduled for Nov. 22, Dec. 6 and 27, Jan. 31, and Feb. 14.

Among the very first subscribers to Mrs. Orcutt's 12th season are Mrs. M. Graeme Haughton, Mrs. Philip S. Sears, Mrs. Hobart Ames, Mrs. Robert Treat Paine, Mrs. George M. Cushing, Mrs. Frederick S. Whitwell, Mrs. Horace Binney, Mrs. James Dean, Mrs. Carl P. Dennett, Mrs. Leonard Carmichael, Mrs. Charles E. Bacon, Mrs. Thomas Allen, Mrs. John Moseley Abbot, Mrs. G. Winthrop Brown, Mrs. Walter Atherton, Mrs. Frederick H. Curtiss, Mrs. Henry Endicott, Mrs. Merrill Grisworld, Mrs. Franklin W. Hobbs, Mrs. Henry A. Morss, Mrs. James Melville Hunnewell, Mrs. Halfdan Lee, Mrs. Carl T. Keller, Mrs. Walter I. Badger, Mrs. Herbert L. Bowden, Mrs. Charles Terry Collens.

Also Mrs. Paul Foster Clark, Louise Condit, Mrs. John J. Cornish, Mrs. Rene E. Paine, Mrs. Richard S. Russell, Mrs. Henry B. Sawyer, Mrs. John A. Sargent, Mrs. Robert H. Stevenson, Mrs. Edward C. Stone, Mrs. John B. Thomas, Mrs. George R. Wallace, Sr., Mrs. J. Kent Stone, Mrs. Albert D. Bosson, Mrs. William Lincoln Wright, Mrs. Walter P. Wright, Mrs. Wallace Murdock Campbell, Mrs. David H. Edwards, Mrs. Frank J. Fahey, Mrs. Charles S. Jenney, Mrs. Harry B. Stebbins, Mrs. Patrick A. O'Connell, Mrs. Richard Engstrom, Mrs. Theodore P. Pitman, Mrs. Frank Jenkins, Mrs. George W. Proctor, Mrs. F. Delano Putnam, Mrs. John Shillito, Mrs. P. Somers Smyth, Mrs. C. W. Whittier, Mrs. Eugene J. V. Huigian, Mrs. C. A. Weatherby, Mrs. John Taylor Bottomley, Mrs. Gordon B. March, Mrs. George B. Proctor, Mrs. Robert W. Sayles, Mrs. J. L. Richards, Mrs. Emile F. Coulon, Mrs. James C. Duane, Mrs. Walter L. Van Kleeck, Dorothy Seccomb, James Beaumont Noyes and H. Curtis Snow.

Cricket Club Dance

ONE OF the first social events of the autumn season takes place next Friday evening in the spacious main lounge of Chestnut Hills' Longwood Cricket Club, where the committee has made lavish plans for the opening of the fall dancing parties, under the chairmanship of Russell Sturgis Codman, Jr.

During the coming week postdeb, May Bottomley, in charge of house arrangements, and ably assisted by Ruth Carter and Mrs. John Wynne, will be busy supervising decorations, table arrangements and various other details.

Molly Wood, chairman of the invitation committee and her staff, including Virginia Graham, Emily Garritt and Paula Johnston, have just about finished their work after a busy week of writing and typing.

Table reservations for the gala party are in charge of postdeb Anne Mitchell, capably aided by Anne Creamer, Grace VerPlanck and Susan Inches. . William W. Taff, Jr., postdebs Jane Ferguson, Mary Frances Ludwig and Mason T. Whiting, comprise the music committee.

BETSEY GILBERT RIMMER . . . on of our outstanding young socialites . . . was among the volunteer waitresses on duty at Wednesday's opening luncheon of the season at the attractive little French Restaurant on Newbury st. Betsey is the daughter of the Charles P. Rimmers of Beacon st. and the North Shore.

Mary Lavelle Bride-elect

A BRAND new member of the bride-elect set is Mary Shirley Lavelle, whose engagement to Cpl. Paul E. Fichtner, USAAF, was recently announced by her mother, Mrs. Frank A. Lavelle via afternoon tea at her Wellesley Hills residence.

The prospective bridegroom . . . son of Mrs. Carl R. Fichtner and the late Mr. Fichtner of Brighton . . . is a graduate of English High and N. E. Aircraft School and is at present stationed out on the west coast. His charming fiancee was graduated from the Academy of the Assumption at Wellesley.

ONE OF our attractive new brides-elect is Mary Shirley Lavelle, whose engagement to Cpl. Paul E. Fichtner, USAAF, is announced by her mother.
Alfred Brown Photo

Catholic League

JUNIOR VOLUNTEER group of Boston's League of Catholic Women will put in a busy season sewing for the children of liberated France. The garments will be turned out in the sewing room over at the League Clubhouse, 1 Arlington st., and at the homes of members.

Virginia Reilly of Belmont and Caroline Driscoll of Brookline share chairman honors for this important war effort contribution, and they will work in close co-operation with Mrs. Robert Williamson Lovett and Mrs. William Davies Sohier, vice-chairmen of the Massachusetts Committee for American Relief for France.

The "Junior Volunteers" will hold a board meeting Tuesday evening at League House, and will assemble for the opening session of the fall season (also at League House) on Sunday afternoon, Sept. 17, at 5 o'clock.

Mary Parker's Wedding Day

THIS IS Mary Jess Parker's wedding day. Via a late afternoon ceremony in St. Anne's Church, Lincoln, this attractive young daughter of the Robert B. Parkers of Wayland, will plight her troth to John Hawkins, USNR, son of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Hawkins of Lake Forest, Ill.

Rev. Theodore Ferris, of Boston's Trinity Church, and Rev. Alfred Starratt, of Lincoln, will officiate at the marriage service.

Under Your Filmy Blouses

Lovely Alencon-type lace and wide shoulder straps top this rayon crepe slip for a pretty camisole effect. Pink or blue solid, or white with blue straps 5.90

Sizes 34 to 38

LINGERIE—THIRD FLOOR

Jordan Marsh Company

Perky-pretty!

and-in a raft of colors. also black and brown.

$2.00 at Leeds

other hats to $16.50

35 Winter Street

Heigh Ho Silver Nailheads

14.90

Silvery tone shimmer at your belt and the pretty flattery of arcs at the neck and pockets of this softest of tweedy wool and rayon dress. Purple, kelly, melon or grey 14.90

In sizes 12 to 18

SKYLIGHT SHOP—FIFTH FLOOR

Jordan Marsh Company

ALICE McCARTHY of Springfield, president of class of '46, Emmanuel College, and Joan Lawless of Weston, both members of the committee in charge of Freshmen Week activities, opening at the college tomorrow.

Vacation Notes Of Bay Staters

DR. AND MRS. ARTHUR M. JACKSON, and daughters, Ellen, Martha and Sally, of Winchester, closed their cottage at the Pleasant Point Summer colony at Searsport, Maine, this week. Ellen will resume her studies at Smith College.

Elizabeth Webber, who has been vacationing at Bar Harbor, spent Labor Day weekend at the Webber cottage at Popham Beach before returning to Cambridge.

Mr. and Mrs. William Dalton, Amherst, are at their cottage at Wildwood in the Camden area for several weeks.

At other Maine Summer sections over the holiday were Mrs. Francis Passett, Quincy, at Rangeley . . . Mrs. Hazel Evans and daughter of Medford, at Stratton . . . Eugene Quinn, Malden, at "Maple Lane Farm" at Kingfield . . . Mrs. F. H. Lowe, West Medford, at Kennebunk . . . Edith Salgstrom, Worcester, and Robert E. Lohnes, Malden, at Old Orchard Beach . . . Mrs. Llewellyn S. Davis, Arlington, at York Beach.

Rita Andersen, Greenwood, is at Kennebunk Beach for a few weeks.

Auxiliary Post Hospital Party

THE LADIES OF the Herbert J. Wolf Post, Auxiliary 114, will sponsor a hospital party on Wednesday afternoon at the West Roxbury Hospital. Feature attraction of the afternoon will be the presentation of a wheel chair to the institution.

Unity Club to Open Season

THE LADIES' UNITY Club will open their fall season on Tuesday, Sept. 19, at the Annah Osgood Home, Melville ave., Dorchester, with Mrs. William Taylor, hostess.

Mrs. William Hayes, president, will preside.

Federated Clubs N. E. Conference

THE NEW ENGLAND Conference of State Federations of Women's Clubs will take place at the Hotel Griswold, New London, Ct., on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday.

A presidents' town meeting with the presidents of the New England Federations attending will be held. Mrs. Edwin Troland, State Federation prexy of Massachusetts, will discuss "Youth and Community Recreation."

Mrs. LaFell Dickenson, president of General Federation, will address the assembled members.

Freshman Week At Emmanuel

EMMANUEL COLLEGE will open its 36th scholastic year tomorrow with a week's activities being devoted to the freshmen.

On Tuesday a junior-freshman luncheon will be held under the direction of Kathleen Schlichte of Lexington, '45, and Alice McCarthy of Springfield, '46, who will welcome the new students.

Among the speakers during the week will be Marie Carey, Eleanor Carroll, Teresalee Downing and Jeanne Ward, all Emmanuel alumnae.

Winthrop Club Plans Bridge

TOMORROW EVENING the Winthrop Catholic Woman's Club will sponsor a bridge party in St. John's Hall at 8 p. m.

Serving as co-chairmen are Mrs. D. Frank Lawler and Mrs. Albert J. Wellings.

Mothers' Group In Somerville

A WHIST AND bridge party will be held by St. Theresa's Mothers' Club of Somerville tomorrow evening in the school hall on Summer st., under the direction of Mrs. Timothy Dryer.

Bunny Fur Scuffs at Clyde's, $2.98

ration free

Once you see and feel this slipper, you won't be happy 'til you have a pair . . . fluffy white bunny fur piled deep on red, turquoise, royal blue or wine rayon plush . . . and a full leather sole . . . 4 to 9, no coupon necessary, $2.98. Clyde's Shoe Store is at 455 Washington Street. Mail orders filled.

BRIDES! SEE MARY BURNS

Exquisite and complete selection of new Bridal Gowns at $29.95 and up. Or you may rent your gown and veil. Veils designed individually in any desired length. Complete bridesmaids' outfits in all lovely fall shades expertly fitted. Evening gowns for rent for as little as $3.50, wraps $1.50 and up. Write or phone the Mary Burns Shop, 100 Summer St. Lib. 3572.

Ann Barr Selects

A Shirt Classic

With LONG Sleeves

A whiz of a shirt, with long sleeves . . . and only $2.98! Exceptional, we think, when you see its features—yoke back, stitched cuffs and collar, cut good and long so your shirt tail will stay in. Pure white rayon crepe. 32 to 40.

Blouse Bar—Street Floor

C. F. HOVEY CO., Boston 7, Mass.
Send me Classic Shirts at $2.98
Quan._____ Sizes_____
Name _____
Address _____
_____
Charge [ ] Check [ ] Money Order [ ] Zone_____

$2.98 at Hovey's

HAN. 9600 or
ELI. 3100

Mrs. Osgood Plans Sale

A UNIQUE SALE to aid two worthy groups, the North Shore Babies' Hospital and the Wenham Historical Society, will be conducted by Mrs. Edward H. Osgood of Wenham, opening tomorrow at the Wenham Town Hall and the Historical Board and continuing through Saturday.

Aiding this charity drive, entitled, The North Shore Trading Post, are Mrs. R. Farrar Hale, Mrs. Samuel Conary, Mrs. Donald Whidden, Mrs. Ernest Stockwell, Mrs. Edward Osgood, Mrs. Alanson Daniels and Mrs. Wallace Cook.

Also Mrs. Fred Ashworth, Mrs. Raymond Fowle, Mrs. Arthur Blood, Mrs. Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., Mrs. John Carten, Jr., Barbara Lee, Mrs. Edward Cole, Mrs. Charles Ropes, Helen Burnham, Mrs. George Hooper, Mrs. Charles Dodge, Mrs. C. P. Swain, Mrs. Joseph Harrington, Jr., Mrs. Nora Aylward, Mrs. William Coolidge, Jr., and Mrs. Alfred Harris

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Johnson (Charlotte Rhodes), of Brae Burn rd., Auburndale, announce the birth of a son, Robert Orrin Johnson on Sept. 2, at Newton Hospital.

New "Carry All" Bags at Wilbar's, $5.00
(plus 20% tax)

You won't have to dig and dig to find your car keys . . . or anything else . . . in this bag . . . It's like a small trunk . . . a good looking, really "different" handbag . . . black or brown genuine leather with change purse, side pocket and mirror . . . $5.00 plus tax. Wilbar's is at 166 Tremont Street, downtown, and 1360 Beacon Street at Coolidge Corner . . . mail orders filled.

DR. AND MRS. RICHARD STANTON, who were married by His Excellency Most Rev. Richard J. Cushing at St. Raphael's Church, West Medford, on last Monday. The bride is the former Elizabeth (Betty) Eichorn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lawrence Eichorn of W. Medford. Her husband is the son of Dr. and Mrs. Joseph Stanton of Newton Center.

Bay Staters Enjoy Fall Days in N. H.

THE OPENING of Colby Junior College on Monday, has brought many parents and younger brothers and sisters to New London this week-end to view the collegiate member's domain. A tea for the juniors will be held in Colgate Lounge tomorrow. Tuesday an out-door chapel service will be held in the garden of the President's home, with open house being conducted at the Library and picnic supper on the front campus.

Enjoying the early fall season at New London's hostels are: Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Creeden of Boston, Marie A. Creeden of Malden, Pauline Carroll and Jeanette Creeden of Medford, Dr. and Mrs. J. A. DeClenco of Nahant, Dr. H. C. Reith of Winthrop, Mrs. Charles R. Foster, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph O. Clapp of West Medford, at Twin Lake Villa. Also here are Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hall of Wenham, Helen M. Morey, Mrs. John F. Morey, Mrs. M. J. Miller and Catherine Miller of Brighton, Edward H. Walsh of Quincy, and Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Sinclair of Arlington, at Twin Lake Villa.

James G. Harris of West Medford and Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Arnold of Melrose are arrivals at New London Inn. Ruth N. Gebhard and Ruth C. Fall of Everett are at the Edgewood.

Irving T. Bennett of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mederos and Richard Mederos of Cambridge, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Franklin of Wollaston, Mr. and Mrs. William M. Davies of Belmont, Mr. and Mrs. Leo W. Short, Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Wesson, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Smith of Lynn and Mary Lydon of Jamaica Plain are at the Brocklebank.

Miss Moore Engaged to Wed

MRS. WILLIAM WHITE CROSS of Fort Hill rd., Bristol, Rhode Island, announces the engagement of her daughter, Joyna Lucille Moore, to Mario Francis Montemaggi, USMS, son of Mrs. Horace Ferrari of Plymouth.

Professional Club Dinner Planned

THE BUSINESS and Professional Women's Club of Massachusetts will hold a dinner meeting on Tuesday at 6 p. m. at the Women's Republican Club, 46 Beacon st., Boston.

Women in The Service

By EDNA M. CONLAN

Pvt. Esther C. Dickson, WAC, of Anawan ave., West Roxbury, has been promoted to PFC. She is serving "somewhere" in Australia.

* * *

Taking up her duties with the Fourth Air Force's WAC detachment at Moses Lake Army Airfield, Washington, is Pvt. Janna Bork of Clearway st., Boston. Having completed her training at Ft. Oglethorpe, Georgia, she is on duty with the air corps supply here.

* * *

SPAR Monica Mahoney, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dennis J. Murphy, of Washington st., So. Groveland, has completed her training as a yeoman at the USCG Training Station at Palm Beach, Florida. She has been assigned to active duty as PO at Long Beach, California. Her three brothers are in service: Pvt. John J. Mahoney, U. S. Army, in Washington; Cpl. Paul T. Mahoney, U. S. Marines, overseas; and S 3-c Japes P. Mahoney, U. S. Navy overseas.

* * *

The Good Conduct Medal has been awarded to T-5 Philomena D'Orazio of Boston, who is serving somewhere in Australia. The presentation took place on Aug. 16, at impressive ceremonies held by Maj. Gen. C. P. Stivers, deputy chief of staff.

* * *

Reporting for active duty with the USCG at headquarters, Washington, D. C., was SPAR Muriel Turner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Earl S. Turner of Edge Hill rd., Milton. PO Turner has a brother, Earl, in the Army Air Corps in Oklahoma.

* * *

Pvt. Grace Hursh of Boston received the Good Conduct Medal at services held at her post "somewhere in Australia." She received the award with 117 other members of her detachment.

* * *

PO Helen Tucker of the SPARs, of London st., Lowell, has been assigned to active duty at Boston. She recently completed her training in the Storekeeper School at the USCG Training Station in Palm Beach, Fla. Her brother, Henry, is stationed with the Army in So. Dakota.

* * *

Pvt. Eleanor Keyes of the USMC (W. R.), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard E. Keyes, Jr., of No. Crescent ct., Brighton, is stationed at the Marine Base, Parris Island, So. Carolina. Recently she met her brother, Pvt. Paul Keyes, USMC, who returned there for the V-12 training after six weeks in the Naval Hospital. Their three brothers are in the service: Lt. Edward J., in the Marines; PFC William, in the Army Air Force, and PFC Richard, in the Army.

* * *

Patricia A. O'Connell, Hospital Apprentice 1-c, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. O'Connell of Holly st., Boston, has started her new duty assignment at the U. S. Naval Hospital, San Diego, Cal. Her brother, Philip, is a PFC in the Army Air Corps.

Beauty

By RUTH MUGGLEBEE

WOULDN'T you like to give lovely perfume to a number of friends . . . particularly to girls overseas with the armed services . . . if it wern't so expensive and there were no danger of breakage and spillage?

Of course you would . . . and you can, thanks to an American chemist-cosmetician who has just introduced a new dry perfume . . . not a sachet, mind you . . . which can travel safely to Australia or Europe and which costs, for a 12-gram flacon, only two dollars.

The story behind it is fascinating. The man who is responsible for it went to India some years ago to do research on powdered perfumes. Since their religion forbids the use of alcohol in any form, wealthy women there had for centuries had their dry perfumes blended by their own parfumeurs. He learned the formulae of several of these exotic products.

Then he went to Switzerland and established himself in a laboratory where he worked on producing a dry perfume that would last like that of the mysterious East, but would be suitable to the American girl and woman.

Just as he had it, the war broke out, and he came home and enlisted in the Navy. When he was wounded and given a medical discharge, he picked up his work where he left off, here in America . . . and now we can buy it.

It is a superconcentrated, nonevaporating perfume, containing 10 times as much of the essential oils as goes into a sachet. You just rub it into your wrists, the hollow in your throat . . . wherever you would use perfume. Shake a little into your dresser drawers and your hanky box and you'll carry a lovely fragrance with you all day.

Call the Beauty Department, Liberty 4000, or write me, enclosing a stamped and self-addressed envelope, for more information about this new dry perfume.

Pattern 9294 comes in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20; 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48. Size 36, jumper, 3 yds. 39-in.; blouse, 1¼ yds. 35-in.

Send 20 cents in coins for these patterns to the Boston Sunday Advertiser, Pattern Dept., 243 West 17th st., New York 11, N. Y.

Plotkin Bros.
364 BOYLSTON STREET

YOU ARE INVITED TO ATTEND A
FALL FASHION SHOW
At 7:30 Monday evening—Sept. 11th
Plotkin Bros. Second Floor Auditorium
See The 1944-45 Fall-into-Winter Fashion Forecasts
Ruby Newman's Orchestra
Boston's Most Beautiful Models

Hundreds of Women Hail Madame Gardner's 75 Needle Multiplex

A Tip

She is one of Boston's most ethical needle specialists with 34 years experience. She announces that now you may have Short Wave which removes hair in 1-20th of a second, or one to 75 needles. No students to practice on you. The most nervous are at ease. She is the only specialist that beautifies the skin while removing hair and gives you more youthful looking years. Mme. Gardner removes that oldish look

37 TEMPLE PLACE, Han. 2040
Mme. ROSELLA GARDNER, E.D.

Louella O. Parsons

in Hollywood

By LOUELLA O. PARSONS
Motion Picture Editor, International News Service

THE influence of Andre de Toth, the director, has been very important in the life of Veronica Lake. She is no longer the girl who doesn't care. She cares very much now what people think of her, and she is eager to win the respect of fellow workers and to explain why she has done some of the things in the past that have brought criticism on her—not really serious things, but impulsive, foolish little exhibitions of temperament.

Veronica very much resents the implication she is irresponsible and unreliable. Those are two fighting words where she is concerned and she explained to me why she feels they are unjust. I had dinner with her and her director-fiance and it is no longer a secret that when her divorce is final she will marry him.

Louella Parsons

"Nobody took the trouble when I was only 17," she said, "to talk with me and give me good advice. Somebody started a story that was wickedly untrue. I had no way of combating the gossip, which I knew, and the man about whom it was told, knew, was an absolute lie.

"I was only a youngster and I had to fight all by myself. That would have been a beautiful chance for someone to have helped me combat the cruel fabrication, but, no, they just let me suffer by myself and I certainly suffered.

"I had been married a short time and was in love with my husband. On Christmas Day I had his and my families for dinner. We turned on the radio and heard it announced that I was at the head of the table at that certain man's house. My Christmas was spoiled and I made up my mind then that I was going to fight with every ounce of strength. That's why I have been what people have called a 'difficult' girl."

VERONICA is only 21, which is very young, and she feels she's lived a lifetime of actual tragedy—first with the trouble with her husband, Maj. John Dethe, and then with the death of her little boy, and finally, with the inability of people, some of them in her studio, to understand her problems.

"I think now," she said, "I have worked out everything and Paramount knows I am no longer an unreliable, harum-scarum girl. Seventeen is only a child. A girl that age needs sympathy and understanding, not censure and bitter criticism."

De Toth, who has just finished "Dark Waters" and "Guest in the House," is a charming, cultured man. He is widely traveled and has become a strong influence in the life of the Lake girl.

Not many people have shared her confidence, but those who know her appreciate that she has many fine qualities. For instance, Rita Beery, with whom she lives, will tell you there is no better mother in this town than Veronica, whose little Elaine has had her mother's love and care.

Veronica feels she has now gone past those first unformed, impetuous years. At the ripe old age of 21 she wants, more than anything else, to achieve dignity and to have her studio understand her problems. She has discarded all the foolish things of life, even the peek-a-boo hair-do which brought her into almost unprecedented fame.

HELEN PARRISH and EDDIE NUGENT, in "Champagne for Everybody," open at the Shubert next Monday, Sept. 18, for one week only.

MIRIAM HOPKINS comes to the Plymouth next Monday, Sept. 18, in the stage play, "The Perfect Marriage."

WILBUR—2 Wks. Beg. Tom'w Eve.
What Happens To the Wives of Sailors On 10-Month Voyages?
DAVE WOLPER presents a new play to remember
PRIOR TO NEW YORK
MEN TO THE SEA
By NORBERT KUBLY
Staged by EDDIE DOWLING • Settings by Howard Bay
Evgs. $1.20, $2.40, $2.40, $3.00. Mats. Wed. $1.20, $1.80; Sat. $1.20, $1.80, $2.40 (Inc. Tax

THE THEATRE GUILD presents
THE MARGARET WEBSTER PRODUCTION
PAUL ROBESON
JOSE FERRER • UTA HAGEN
OTHELLO
By William Shakespeare
EDITH KING • RALPH CLANTON
Production Designed and Lighted by Robert Edmond Jones
Associate Producer John Haggott
Evenings 1.20-1.80-2.40-3.00-3.60
Wed. & Sat. Mats. 1.20-1.80-2.40-3.00 (Inc. Tax)
NOT INCLUDED in Theatre Guild-Amer. Theatre Soc. Series
SHUBERT 1 WK. BEG. TOM'W EVE
EVENINGS 8:15, MATS. 2:15

PLYMOUTH POSITIVELY LAST WEEK
MATS. THURS. and SAT.
MEYER DAVIS presents
"FAR TOO FUNNY TO MISS!" —Robert Garland, N. Y. Journ.-Amer.
WALLFLOWER
The Broadway Laugh Hit!
with BETTY BLYTHE • FRANK McNELLIS • SONYA STOKOWSKI
"BRIGHT, CLEAN, REFRESHING!"—Burton Rascoe, N. Y. World-Telegram
"As funny as HELLZAPOPPIN"—Arthur Pollock, Brooklyn Eagle

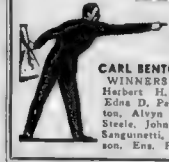
PLYMOUTH 2 WKS. BEG. MON., SEPT. 18
CHERYL CRAWFORD presents
MIRIAM HOPKINS
VICTOR JORY
in a new play by SAMSON RAPHAELSON
THE PERFECT MARRIAGE
with MARTHA SLEEPER
Directed by the author — Setting by OLIVER SMITH
Evgs. $1.20, $1.80, $2.40, $3.00. MATS. Thurs. & Sat. $1.20, $1.80, $2.40 (Inc. Tax) SEAT SALE TUESDAY

SHUBERT—1 WEEK ONLY BEG. MON. EVE., SEPT. 18
ROBERT RITCHIE and ALEX YOKEL present
CHAMPAGNE FOR EVERYBODY

A New Comedy by LASZLO VADNAY and MAE LIND
Setting by HOWARD BAY • Staged by EARLE McGILL
with EDDIE NUGENT • EVA CONDON • WILL GEER
HELEN PARRISH • ARTHUR ELMER • FRANCES TANNEHILL
ALEXANDER CLARK • NELLIE BURT • JOHN McGOVERN & Cast of 25
MAIL ORDERS NOW—EVES. 1.20, 1.80, 2.40, 3.00 (Inc. Tax)
MATS. WED. and SAT. 1.20, 1.80, 2.40 (Inc. Tax). Box Office Sale Begins Today

SHUBERT THEATER . . . Com. Sept. 25
The Messrs. Shubert present
THE MOST FAMOUS OPERETTA EVER PRODUCED
"ROBIN HOOD"
IN ITS ORIGINAL FORM, AS PLAYED BY THE FAMOUS BOSTONIANS
Libretto by Harry B. Smith
Music by Reginald de Koven
MAIL ORDERS NOW . . . Evgs. $1.20, 1.80, 2.40, 3.00, 3.60
Mats. Wed. and Sat. $1.20, 1.80, 2.40, 3.00 (Inc. Tax)

COLONIAL — LAST WEEK! LAST WEEK!
Last Popular Matinees Wednesday & Saturday
Owen Serlin's production of Clarence Day's
LIFE WITH FATHER
Made into a play by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse



with CARL BENTON REID • BETTY LINLEY
WINNERS IN WORD CONTEST
Herbert H. Yeames, Alice Seaver, Edna D. Parks, Mrs. Alberta N. Burton, Alvyn Tweedy, Mrs. Vanda S. Steele, John E. Thayer, Mrs. Emma Sanguinetti, Mrs. Ralph C. Williamson, Ens. Paul F. Hamilton.

CASINO HANOVER ST. SCOLLAY SQ. LAF 6756
Traveling VARIETRIX Streamlined BURLESK
VIVACIOUS SHEILA LIND
Hats TODAY FRI
STATUESQUE DAWN DELEES
Matinee Daily 2:30 Evening 7:00-9:30
with IRVING SELIG • BOOB McMANUS • Joan Taylor • Wally Roberts • Betty Biddle
LEFLUER AND MANNERS
Traveling Aerialists Beautiful Showgirls
Midnight SHOW FRI
ALL NEW TRAVELLING SHOW EVERY FRIDAY

Franz Werfel's
THE SONG OF BERNADETTE
with JENNIFER JONES
In her Academy Award Winning Performance!
20th Century-Fox Picture
THE COOL SHUBERT MAJESTIC

EXETER KEN. 7067
EXETER AND NEWBURY STREETS
CARY GRANT
"ONCE UPON A TIME"
FRED MacMURRAY-DOROTHY LAMOUR
BETTY HUTTON
'AND THE ANGELS SING'
Thurs. "THE EVE OF ST. MARK"

CAMBRIDGE SUMMER THEATRE
BRATTLE HALL, TRO. 1465
FINAL WEEK! BEG. TOM'W EVE., SEPT. 11
Directing in the hair-raising thriller
★ MARGARET HAYES
"WINTERKILL"
World Premier Prior to Broadway By Jerry Emerson
Prices: Eves. at 8:30, .50 to $1.50 PLUS
Matinee Sat. at 2:30, .50 to $1.00 TAX

Cool
LOEW'S STATE & ORPHEUM
2nd WEEK!
Doors Opens 12:45 P.M. Open Noon 1:45 P.M.
MGM's
'DRAGON SEED'
KATHARINE HEPBURN
Walter HUSTON • Aline MacMAHON
AKIM TAMIROFF
TURHAN BEY
plus
Selected World Shorts

STARTS WEDNESDAY
Columbia's
CRY OF THE WEREWOLF
ALL-NEW DOUBLE HORROR SHOW!
Columbia's
'THE SOUL OF A MONSTER'
RKO
TRANSLUX

Data on The Drama

By JOYCE DANA
Drama Editor

"MEN TO THE SEA," which Dave Wolper brings to the Wilbur tomorrow night, sounds like a very challenging play, and one that will cause quite a stir if it does justice to its subject.

Written by Herbert Kubly, young New York newspaperman, the play is said to be the first to take a serious view of wartime morality.

It is concerned, specifically, with a group of sailors' wives in a Brooklyn boarding house, most of them in their late teens and early 20's. The cast of youthful Broadway players is led by Toni Gilman, with Randolph Echols, Maggie Gould, Joyce Matthews, Michael Strong, Richard Camp, Susana Garnett and Paul Crabtree.

★ ★ ★

Miriam Hopkins and Victor Jory as co-stars, Samson Raphaelson as author and Cheryl Crawford as producer . . . this quartet of famous names makes "The Perfect Marriage," opening at the Plymouth on Monday, the 18th, a promising theatrical event.

Miss Hopkins portrays a spirited, modern young woman who faces the problem of a marriage which goes awry after 10 years of apparently complete wedded bliss.

★ ★ ★

If you hurry to the Shubert box office, you can still buy tickets to see "Othello," which opeens there tomorrow night . . . and you will regret it if you don't see Paul Robeson in this brilliant production.

★ ★ ★

While some Bostonians (including this commentator) found "Wallflower" shocking in spots, it is evident from the roars of laughter that comedy is wanted by war-time theater-goers.

Mary Orr and Reginald Denham are co-authors of the play which concerns the romantic adventures of two half-sisters, played by Sonya Stokowski, a promising young actress, and Kay Buckley, who is so pretty that Hollywood seems to be in the cards for her.

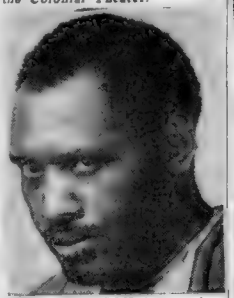
★ ★ ★

"Life with Father," a first-rate comedy to which you may safely take the children, also goes into its last week at the Colonial tomorrow night.

TONI GILMAN and RANDOLPH ECHOLS in "Men to the Sea," opening at the Wilbur tomorrow night.

LLOYD EDWARDS and KAY BUCKLEY in "Wallflower," now on stage of Plymouth Theater for second week.

BETTY LINLEY in "Life With Father," now playing at the Colonial Theater.



PAUL ROBESON in starring role of Shakespeare's "Othello," which opens at the Shubert tomorrow night.

Movie Times

METROPOLITAN—"I Love a Soldier" 2:35, 6:00, 9:25. "Crime By Night": 1:00, 4:25, 7:50.

LOEW'S STATE—"Dragon Seed": 1:00, 3:15, 6:30, 9:50.

LOEW'S ORPHEUM—"Dragon Seed": 1:00, 3:15, 6:30, 9:50.

RKO BOSTON—"Moonlight and Cactus": 2, 4:50, 8:15, 10:50. Bleak House: 1, 3:15, 5:30, 7:20, 9:25.

KEITH MEMORIAL—"Christmas Holiday": 1, 3:50, 6:35, 9:20. "Girl in Case": 2:45, 5:00, 8:00.

PARAMOUNT—"Double Indemnity": 10:00, 5:50, 9:15. "Three Little Sisters": 12:20, 4:40, 8:00.

FENWAY—"Double Indemnity": 2:40, 7:50, 9:15. "Three Little Sisters": 1:20, 4:00, 8:00.

MODERN—"Take It Big": 1:15, 4:30, 7:00. "Bathing Beauty": 2:45, 6:00.

OLYMPIA—"Marine Raiders": 8:45, 6:00, 9:00. "Man From Frisco": 1:15, 4:30, 7:45.

PLAYER—"Once Upon a Time": 8:30, 1:00, 9:30. "And the Angels Sing": 2:45, 6:15, 10:00.

GLOBE—"Mr. Lucky": 1:00, 6:05, 9:30. "The Land of the Free": 2:20, 6:45, 9:30. "Dragon Seed": 6:00, 8:25.

SCOLLAY—"Marine Raiders": 8:40, 6:15, 9:45. "Man From Frisco": 1:10, 4:40, 8:05.

GAIETY—"Kid From Spain": 1:05, 4:30, 7:55. "Dead End": 2:45, 6:10, 9:35.

UPTOWN—"Eve of St. Mark": 2:40, 6:00, 9:20. "Henry Aldrich's Little Secret": 1:25, 4:45, 8:05.

BEACON—"Home In Indiana": 8:32, 5:47, 9:02. "It Happened Tomorrow": 1:00, 4:15, 7:30.

Burlesque Shows Feature Headliners

A new week of fun for burlesque fans starts with the midnight show at the Globe theater tonight.

Heading this week's show is the glamorous Mimi Lynne and another favorite, vivacious Joy Davis, with the brilliant Joe Freed providing the comedy. .

At the Old Howard, Valerie Parks stars in fast-moving company, which includes the funmaking comedy team of Harry Conley and Dick Richards.

EXTRA! FIRST ACTUAL PICTURES "BATTLE OF PARIS"
KEITH MEMORIAL
2nd WEEK
Deanna DURBIN and Gene KELLY
CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY
"GIRL IN THE CASE"

RKO KEITH MEMORIAL
Starts WED.
"The Greatest Romantic Comedy of All Time!"
GARY COOPER TERESA WRIGHT
Casanova Brown
SIMONE SIMON in "MADEMOISELLE FIFI"

RKO BOSTON
ALL IN PERSON!
PETER LORRE
FREDDIE SLACK and ORCHESTRA
OTHER BIG RKO ACTS
ANDREWS SISTERS
"MOONLIGHT and CACTUS"

COOL RKO BOSTON
THURSDAY SEPT. 14
ON SCREEN
FRANK SINATRA GENE KELLY JIMMY DURANTE
ADOLPHE MENJOU DE HAVEN
WALTER SLEZAK GUSTE PALLETTE
Step Lively
AN RKO RADIO MUSICAL
BILLY DE WOLFE BRUCE CABOT
BROWN • CARNEY
MITCHELL • JEFFREYS
ON THE STAGE
"HOORAY FOR THE GIRLS"
60 PEOPLE!

Held Over 3rd Smash Week!
GAYETY
HUMPHREY BOGART JOEL McCREA DEAD END
EDDIE CANTOR KID FROM SPAIN

GLOBE
Burlesque at Its Best
Starts SUNDAY MIDNIGHT
TODAY, SUNDAY, CONT. 1 to 11 P. M.
7 ALL-STAR VAUDEVILLE ACTS
Chas. Loughton, Maureen O'Hara
Geo. Saunders in "THIS LAND IS MINE"
Cary Grant Chas. Bickford-Gladys Cooper in "MR. LUCKY"
MIMI LYNNE ★ JOE FREED
Hit of the Night Clubs
Colossal Funster
JEAN HAYES ★ CRESS HILLARY
A Bundle of Joy
Hilarious Hesitation
JACK COYLE ★ BILL BAKER ★ PEGGY MARTIN ★ CLARKE & BURNS ★ GINGER SNAPS
A Sensation Skating Wonder Dancer Sensational Novelty Sensational Dancers
★ ★ 30 JACKIETTS—CAST OF 60 PEOPLE ★ ★
NEXT SUNDAY MIDNIGHT—Call You Bell—Prudy Lewis—Burl Carr

UPTOWN Kent. & Mass. Ave. very Popular Prices AIR CONDITIONED
Anne Baxter-Michael O'Shea
"EVE OF ST. MARK"
"Henry Aldrich's Little Secret"

THE OLD HOWARD Midnite Show Friday
Continuous 9 A.M. to 11 P.M.
BURLESQUE at 12-2-3:45-7:30-9:30
VALERIE PARKS
HARRY CONLEY
DICK RICHARDS
60 People—30 Gorgeous Girls

TELEPIX AIR CONDITIONED
PARIS LIBERATED
JAPAN — RODEO
JUNIOR MUSICIANS — DISNEY

BEACON
WALTER BRENNAN-LON McALLISTER
"HOME IN INDIANA"
"IT HAPPENED TOMORROW"

PROVEN PICTURES
TREMONT to NORMANDIE
25¢ TIL ONE 25¢
BRIAN DONLEVY
MIRIAM HOPKINS
GENTLEMEN AFTER DARK
also
OF MICE AND MEN
BURGESS MEREDITH
SQUARE GARDEN JAM SESSION WHISTLER
RICHARD DIX
UPHAM'S TAL. 6000 MY BEST GAL
DEST. TOKYO
CARY GRANT
OLD SOUTH AMBASSADOR GREW
RADIO INTELLIGENCE
FIRST PARIS FILMS

M&P Theatres MOVIE GUIDE

2nd WEEK METROPOLITAN AIR CONDITIONED
GODDARD • TUFTS • FITZGERALD
★★ I Love a Soldier ★★
PLUS 2nd Big Hit "CRIME BY NIGHT" Jane Wyman • Jerome Cowan

STARTS THURS. CARMEN MIRANDA WILLIAM BENDIX DON AMECHE
"GREENWICH VILLAGE" IN TECHNICOLOR
Plus "ROGER TOUHY, GANGSTER"

PARAMOUNT and FENWAY
FRED MacMURRAY ★ BARBARA STANWYCK ★ EDWARD G. ROBINSON
"DOUBLE INDEMNITY"
Also "3 LITTLE SISTERS," Mary Lee-Ruth Terry

OLYMPIA SCOLLAY
Pat O'Brien—"Marine Raiders"
M. O'Shea—"Man From Frisco"

MODERN AIR CONDITIONED
GUSTAR "BATHING BEAUTY"
CAST also Jack Haley, "Take It Big"

CLEVELAND CIRCLE

CIRCLE Air-Cond. Cont. 2:45 to 12
Carole Landis Marie Montez—"Four Jills in a Jeep" Martha Raye "COBRA WOMAN"—Jon Hall

ALLSTON-JAMAICA PLAIN

Capitol-Jamaica Cont. 1:15-11 P.M.
E. Williams-Red Skelton "BATHING BEAUTY" Maria Montez-Jon Hall "COBRA WOMAN" Cary Grant-Janet Blair "Once Upon a Time"

ALLSTON Edw G. Robinson-Lynn Bari Cont. 2:00 to 11:00 "TAMPICO" Sta. 4410 Harriet Hilliard "HI GOOD LOOKIN"

CAMBRIDGE

CENTRAL SQ. Cont. 1-11 Air-Cond.
Red Skelton "BATHING BEAUTY" Esther Williams Trudy Marshall "LADIES OF WASHINGTON" EXTRA! LIBERATION OF PARIS

CHELSEA

OLYMPIA Fred MacMurray-Dorothy Lamour CHE. 1261 Betty Hutton "And the Angels Sing" "LADIES OF WASHINGTON"

BROADWAY Evelyn Ankers-J. C. Nolsh "JUNGLE WOMAN" Cbe. 2770 Lon Chaney Jr. "MUMMY'S GHOST"

DORCHESTER

CODMAN Cont. from 1:20 "Days of Glory" BETTY HUTTON-FRED MacMURRAY-DOROTHY LAMOUR—"AND THE ANGELS SING"

FIELDS Irene Dunne-Buddy McDowall TAL. 3200 "WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER" CONT. 1:30 JACK HALEY "TAKE IT BIG"

FRANKLIN Tal. 3900. Cont. from 1:30. Air Cond "And the Angels Sing" F. MacMurray-D. Lamour "DAYS OF GLORY"—MIGHTY RUSSIAN DRAMA

MORTON Carole Landis-Kay Francis GEN 6300 "4 JILLS IN A JEEP" CONT. 1:30 Jean Gabin "THE IMPOSTER"

STRAND Cont. from 1:30 P. M. Cont. 2000 Red Skelton "BATHING BEAUTY" In Color with Esther Williams-Harry James and Band. Trudy Marshall—"LADIES OF WASHINGTON"

HYDE PARK

FAIRMOUNT Irene Dunne-R. McDowell HYD. 1234 "WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER" CONT. 1:30 Jack Haley "Take It Big"

MATTAPAN

ORIENTAL Cont. 1:30-11 P.M. BLU. 1200
Red Skelton "BATHING BEAUTY" All in Color with Esther Williams-Harry James and Orch Trudy Marshall—"LADIES OF WASHINGTON"

NORFOLK DOWNS

REGENT Walter Brennan-Joseph Cotten Cont. 2-11 "HOME IN INDIANA" In Technicolor also "BLACK PARACHUTE"

ROSLINDALE

Irene Dunne-Alan Marshall-Buddy McDowall "THE WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER"

RIALTO Jack Haley "TAKE IT BIG"

ROXBURY

Harry James "BATHING BEAUTY" Red Skelton and Band

RIVOLI Cont. 1-11 "Ladies of Washington"

Cary Grant **'ONCE UPON A TIME'** Janet Blair

DUDLEY Nig 0041. "2-Man Submarine"

SHAWMUT In Color "Home In Indiana" CAR 1370 Jack Haley-Harriet Hilliard "TAKE IT BIG"

HUMBOLDT W. Brennan-Lon McAllister in His. 1100 "HOME IN INDIANA" In Technicolor Cont. 1:45 also J. Haley-H. Hilliard "Take It Big"

Eddie Cantor-Geo. Murphy SHOW BUSINESS

WARREN Cont. 1:30 "YELLOW CANARY"

SOMERVILLE

Capitol-Ball Sq. SOM. 2700 SOM. 3434
Gary Cooper-Laraine Day "THE STORY OF DR. WASSELL" In Color Tom Conway—"RIGHT OF ADVENTURE"

CENTRAL Betty Grable-Joe E. Brown Som. 7410 "PIN-UP GIRL" I. Carroll Nash-John Carradine "WATERFRONT"

STRAND George Raft-Vera Zorina SOM. 0410 Coast Stars "FOLLOW THE BOYS" CHESTER MORRIS "TORNADO"

WOLLASTON

WOLLASTON Irene Dunne-Alan Marshall Cont. 2 P. M. "WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER" PRE. 1600 "SOUTH OF DIXIE"

WEEI	WBZ	WNAC	WHDH	WMEX
Columbia 590 KC	*National* 1030 KC	*Mutual* 1200 KC	*Blue* 850 KC	1510 KC
8:00 ‡News; *Music *Waltz Time ‡Rev. Crawford ‡Religious Hour				
8:15 ‡Sacred Heart ‡News; W'ther ‡Rev. Crawford ‡News				
8:30 *Song Circle *Evangical Hr. *Carollers ‡Swedesberg *Wake Up, Smile				
8:45 *Song Circle *Evangical Hr. ‡News ‡Br'kfast Table ‡News				
8:00 WCOP *Serenade Music 8:30 WORL ‡Church Service				
9:00 ‡World News ‡World News ‡Rev. J. Zoller ‡News *Waltz Time				
9:15 *Organ Music ‡Church School ‡Rev. J. Zoller ‡Judson Hour ‡Hour of Truth				
9:30 *Organ Music *NBC String ‡Proph'y Voice ‡Judson Hour ‡Hour of Truth				
9:45 ‡News Quartet ‡Proph'y Voice ‡Judson Hour *Mem'g Tunes				
9:30 WCOP ‡Italian Hour 9:30 WORL ‡Lithuanian Balsas				
10:00 ‡Church of ‡Bible Talk ‡Bible Class †Israel Drama *Mem'g Tunes				
10:15 the Air ‡Bible Talk ‡Bible Class †Israel Drama *Modern Music				
10:30 ‡Over Jordan *Showtime ‡Weather Rep't ‡Park St. Church *Modern Music				
10:45 ‡Over Jordan *Showtime *Symphonette ‡Park St. Church ‡Trem't Temple				
10:00 WCOP ‡Italian Hour 10:30 WORL ‡Polish Program				
11:00 ‡News; Choir ‡Pursuit of ‡Cathedral ‡Park St. Church ‡Trem't Temple				
11:15 *Blue Jackets Learning Church of ‡Park St. Church ‡Trem't Temple				
11:30 *Learn'g Invt. ‡Labor Speaks St. Paul ‡Park St. Church ‡Church				
11:45 *Learn'g Invt. *Betsy Ross Service ‡Park St. Church Service				
11:00 WCOP *Froilicher Kabtzen 11:00 WORL ‡News and Music				
NOON ‡News *News ‡Rev'wing St'nd *Italian Music *News				
12:15 ‡News Analyst ‡Reporter ‡Rev'wing St'nd ‡News *Spotlight				
12:30 †People to P'le *Stradivari ‡Catholic Truth *Matinee Music *LaRosa Music				
12:45 †People to P'le *Stradivari ‡Catholic Truth *Matinee Music *LaRosa Music				
12:00 WCOP *Froilicher 12:00 WORL ‡News; 920 Club				
1:00 ‡On Beacon St. ‡News *Hazelwood †Playhouse				
1:15 *Revue *Recital *Herb Lewis *Magic Carpet *Italian Tunes				
1:30 ‡Talks ‡Round Table *Music Minus *Song Ca'lcade *Joseph Tall				
1:45 From London ‡Round Table Words *Song Ca'lcade *Joseph Tall				
1:00 WCOP *Polish Program 1:00 WORL ‡Calvary Church				
2:00 †Dangerously *Spotlight ☐Sky Riders *Song Ca'lcade *Waltz Music				
2:15 Yours ‡Red Cross ☐Sky Riders *Song Ca'lcade *Waltz Music				
2:30 ‡World News *J. C. Thomas *Billy Rogers §Sammy Kaye ‡Christian Sci.				
2:45 ‡World News *J. C. Thomas *Billy Rogers §Sammy Kaye ‡Christian Sci.				
2:30 WCOP *Hellenic Dawn 2:30 WORL *Parade of Hits				
3:00 *N.Y. Symph'y §World Parade §This is Fort *Music Review *Swedish Tunes				
3:15 *N.Y. Symph'y §World Parade Dix *Music Review *Swedish Tunes				
3:30 *N.Y. Symph'y §Army Hour †Mysterious ‡Israel ‡St. Anthony Hr.				
3:45 *N.Y. Symph'y §Army Hour Traveler Message ‡St. Anthony Hr.				
3:45 WCOP ‡Pleasant Hill 4:00 WORL ‡News; 920 Club				
4:00 *N.Y. Symph'y §Army Hour ‡Lutheran Hour *Off Record *Treasury				
4:15 *N.Y. Symph'y §Army Hour ‡Lutheran Hour *Off Record Varieties				
4:30 *Kostelanetz ‡Democratic §Thanks to *World of Song *Light Operas				
4:45 Lily Pons Convention America *World of Song *Light Operas				
4:15 WCOP †Rescue Mission 4:00 WORL ‡News; 920 Club				
5:00 *Family Hour *NBC Symph'ny †Can't Take *Mary Small *Light Operas				
5:15 *Family Hour *NBC Symph'ny It With You *Mary Small *Light Operas				
5:30 *Family Hour *NBC Symph'ny *Band Parade †Hot Copy *Dance Session				
5:45 §Wm. Shirer *NBC Symph'ny ‡Baseball †Hot Copy *Dance Session				
5:45 WCOP ‡Mormon Service 5:00 WORL ‡Coast Guard Show				
6:00 ‡Silver Thea. ‡Catholic Hour ☐Quick As §Summer Hour ‡Tremont T'ple				
6:15 ‡Silver Thea. ‡Catholic Hour A Flash §Summer Hour ‡Tremont T'ple				
6:30 ‡Air Americ'ns *The Great ‡Upton Close §Summer Hour †Ave Maria				
6:45 ‡Air Americ'ns Gildersleeve *Dick Brown §Summer Hour †Ave Maria				
6:45 WCOP ‡American Legion 6:00 WORL §News; 920 Club				
7:00 ‡Report to *All Time Hit §Revival Hour ‡Drew Pearson *Classic Album				
7:15 the Nation Parade §Revival Hour ‡Headlines *Classic Album				
7:30 §Eddie Garr *Bandwagon §Revival Hour ☐Quiz Kids *Classic Album				
7:45 §Eddie Garr *Bandwagon §Revival Hour ☐Quiz Kids *Classic Album				
7:30 WCOP ‡Park Street Church				
8:00 *Blondie §Edgar Bergen ‡Mediation Brd. *Village Choir ‡Church Service				
8:15 *Blondie §Edgar Bergen ‡Mediation Brd. ‡Ba'ball Scores ‡Church Service				
8:30 †Crime Doctor †One Man's ‡Mediation Brd. ‡Deadlines ‡Church Service				
8:45 ‡Crime Doctor Family ‡Heatter †Deadlines ‡Church Service				
8:45 WCOP *Beyond Victory				
9:00 †Readers D'gst ‡Merry-Go-R'nd ‡Walter ‡Journal ‡Revival Hour				
9:15 †Readers D'gst ‡Merry-Go-R'nd Hampden §Basin Street ‡Revival Hour				
9:30 §Jas. Melton *Fam'lar Music ☐Music Quiz §Basin Street ‡Revival Hour				
9:45 §Jas. Melton *Fam'lar Music ☐Music Quiz ‡Jimmie Fidler ‡Revival Hour				
9:00 WCOP *Concert Hour				
10:00 ☐Phil Baker *Hr. of Charm ‡Cedric Foster *Life of Riley ‡News; Scores				
10:15 ☐Phil Baker *Hr. of Charm §Good Will Hr. *Life of Riley *Irish Tunes				
10:30 §We The §Los Tremayne §Good Will Hr. ‡Keep up with *Pan-America				
10:45 People §Los Tremayne §Good Will Hr. the World ‡Army Voice				
10:45 WCOP ‡BBC News				
11:00 ‡News; W'ther ‡News; W'ther ‡News *News *Dance Session				
11:15 *Jam Music ‡Headliners §Revival Hour *Vera Massey *Dance Session				
11:30 §Jack Pepper †Pacific Story §Revival Hour *Certain Calls *Day's End				
11:45 §Jack Pepper †Pacific Story §Revival Hour *Music; News *Day's End				
MID. ‡News; Music ‡News; Music §Revival Hour *Nocturne *Day's End				

§Variety •Comedy *Music †Drama ☐Quiz ‡Talk

MOVIES

KATHARINE HEPBURN and TURHAN BEY in "Dragon Seed," now being shown at Loew's State and Orpheum.

VIVIAN BLAINE and DON AMECHE in "Greenwich Village," which starts at the Metropolitan Thursday.

DEANNA DURBIN stars with Gene Kelly in "Christmas Holiday," now in its second week at Keith Memorial.

Be Beautiful

AS THE STARS!

Kay Buckley who plays the glamour girl in "Wallflower" at the Plymouth Theatre.

NASAL CORRECTIONS

Humped, long, crooked, fractured and all other nasal disturbances corrected permanently in about 30 minutes through the inside of the nose without scars. No paraffin or wax used.

NEW ROTATION FACE LIFT — Many years can be erased from your appearance in less than an hour by Dr. Bernstein's new method.

EYE REJUVENATION — Crow's feet, superfluous wrinkles around the eyes removed quickly through a non-surgical method.

Thick, protruding and unshapely lips corrected permanently.

Men as well as women are treated by Dr. Bernstein, who is the beautifier of Mrs. Tom Mix, May Yohe, Dale Hyatt.

OUTSTANDING EARS corrected through a new technique to match your other features.

MASDIQUE—A liquid treatment for removal of a blemished poor complexion.

ACNE TREATMENT—Now treatment with fine results.

LADY ASSISTANT IN ATTENDANCE

Dr. Harry B. Bernstein

100 Boylston Street, Boston

Rooms 913-914 Telephone LIB. 8885

9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Daily and by Appointment

NEIGHBORHOOD Sunday MOVIE DIRECTORY

ARLINGTON

REGENT — Robert Walker-Donna Reed — SEE HERE PVT. HARGROVE — STARTS AT 5 P. M. Chester Morris-Jean Parker — ARL. 1197 — "HIGH EXPLOSIVE"

KENMORE SQ.-BACK BAY

KENMORE 0778 — Robert Ryan-Ginger Rogers — "Tender Comrade" — "HARVEST MELODY"

STRAND — HUNTINGTON — RAY MILLAND-DITH HUSSEY — "THE UNINVITED" — also "HEY, ROOKIE"

BOSTON

SOUTH STATION — 2½ HOUR PROGRAM — FORTRESS JAPAN

EXTRA! LIBERATION OF PARIS

SNOWDON

COOLIDGE CORNER BROOKLINE — Anne Baxter-Mich. O'Shea — in Maxwell Anderson's "The Eve of St. Mark" also "Ladies of Wash'ton" — "WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER" — Screened 2:20-5:45-9:10 — 24 HR "TAKE IT BIG"

CAMBRIDGE

UNIVERSITY KIR. 4580 — DOROTHY LAMOUR — FRED MacMURRAY — BETTY HUTTON — And The Angels Sing — PARAMOUNT NEWS — DAYS OF GLORY

LECHMERE "PANAMA PATROL" — Milton Berle-Mary Beth Hughes "Over My Dead Body"

CHARLESTOWN

CHA 15 ST. — **THOMPSON SQ** — MAT. 2 P.M. DAILY — Mickey Rooney-Lewis Stone — "Andy Hardy's Blonde Trouble" — Tom Conway-Jean Brooks "A Night of Adventure"

HOLLYWOOD CHA. 1448 — Mickey Rooney-Lewis Stone — "Andy Hardy's Blonde Trouble" — Tom Conway-Jean Brooks "A Night of Adventure"

DEDHAM

COMMUNITY — Y. Johnson-J. Allyson — Girls & a Sailor — also "WHISPERING FOOTSTEPS"

DORCHESTER

DORCHESTER — GEN. 2700 — Cary Grant-Janet Blair "ONCE UPON A TIME" — Bruce Bennett "U-BOAT PRISONER"

ADAMS GEN. 2000 — Tom Neal-Ann Savage — "TWO MAN SUBMARINE" — Tom Conway-Barbara Hall "FALCON OUT WEST" — Dinosaurus Free to Ladies Monday and Tuesday

DORCHESTER-MATTAPAN

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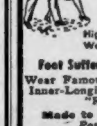

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The River Mysteries

Continued from Page 4

Church, 47th st. and Second ave., Manhattan. Also in the trunk were some pictures of Anna.

At the rectory, Faurot learned that Anna, a native of Germany, had worked there as a servant, but had been dismissed by the housekeeper because she had become pregnant.

"Did she ever have any trouble with anybody?" Faurot asked.

"Yes. Joseph Eigler, who lived on East 77th st., quarreled with her and threatened her."

Eigler, a friend of Anna's who had assisted her after her arrival from Germany, told the officers that he had gotten her the job at St. Boniface's, but had quarreled with her because of her association with one Hans Schmidt, whose record had not been so good.

Schmidt, a native of Aschaffenburg, Germany, had been caught misappropriating church funds, and after a trial in Munich, he had been banished from the Church.

He had voyaged to America and, concealing his shady past, had functioned at various churches. Eventually he had arrived at St. Joseph's in West 125th st., Manhattan, after being transferred from St. Boniface's. According to Eigler, Anna and her family in Germany had believed that he intended to quit the church and marry her.

FAUROT and two of his men, one a stenographer, rushed to St. Joseph's. Schmidt was visibly perturbed when the chief made known his business.

"Do you now this woman?" Faurot asked, showing Schmidt a picture of Anna.

The man paled. "Yes," he admitted, "I know her."

Soon afterward Schmidt collapsed under questioning.

They led him to the Bradhurst ave. flat, where he told in detail how he had cut Anna's throat and dismembered her body. He took a pencil and marked on a diagram of a human body the lines he had followed in cutting the pieces.

He told how he had gone with his packages and boarded the Edgewater ferry, late at night. Because he was the only passenger, no one had seen him as he dropped the remains into the water.

He related how he had burned the bedding. He took his captors to a vacant lot three blocks distant and showed them some of the ashes from the fire he had made.

A rent receipt for a flat at 516 West 134th st., found in Schmidt's desk in the rectory, opened a new element of the case. For at that address he had established Dr. Ernest A. Muret, a dentist friend of the Mayence days, and there the two had made counterfeit $5, $10 and $20 bills. Schmidt himself had taken $2000 of the bills to Wilkes-Barre, Pa., and passed them.

He was taken to the Tombs Prison.

NOW came the job of establishing the corpus delicti.

Faurot's sleuths traced a girl who had sat beside Anna Aumcueller while she embroidered the "A" on the pillow slip that had been found in the river. The girl identified the work.

But that was not enough.

"Can you recall any mark on Anna's body?" the detectives asked.

The girl thought for a moment. "Yes," she replied. "She had a peculiar mole right here—"

She placed her finger on her own bosom.

Back at the morgue, the detectives found the mole this girl had described.

The first jury disagreed, with 10 of the jurors voting for a conviction.

In the second trial, the defense pleaded insanity. But this time the jury returned a conviction, fixing the date of the murder as Sept. 2, 1913. Schmidt accordingly was sentenced to death.

Faithful Friends

by MRS. EDWIN G. SCHAREY

When Prime Minister Winston Churchill made one of his flying trips to France to receive first-hand information from Allied leaders, he made the acquaintance of Rommell—not the vanquished Nazi general but Gen. Sir Bernard Montgomery's pet pup.
Associated Press Photo

(Today Eve Jolly, who regularly conducts this column, turns it over to a guest columnist, Mrs. Edwin G. Scharey authoress and bird authority.)

ACCORDING to ancient mythology birds were considered to be symbolic messengers between Heaven and earth and of these messengers I have a great many.

My birds are all tame, varying in type from tiny finches to the larger cockatoos and parrots. I do not like to be considered a hobbyist for I do not have these birds as a fad but because I love them.

Most of my smaller birds have been raised by hand. I rob the nest when they are but a few days old, feed them by hand and raise them in a home-made incubator until after about six weeks they are able to eat seed and be kept in a cage.

This hand manner of raising birds gives one a pet as tame as a dog or cat. Of these tame birds I have two talking parakeets, commonly known as lovebirds. After they were 3 months of age they were taught to talk through repetition. They have a tiny voice and unlike a parrot when they have learned a number of words will improvise their own sentences.

Corkey, my cobalt blue parakeet has a vocabulary of over 100 words. He is now teaching five young parakeets, of different colors, to talk. It is amusing to hear him say to the babies, "Come on, come on, give me a kiss" and when they do not make a kissing noise he comes out with, "You dirty little bums." He will recite the first line of "Mary had a little lamb," but instead of the second line says "What's cooking."

Any bird to be kept healthy and in good spirits should naturally be given proper care and a certain amount of freedom.

Thoroughly clean cages—CARED FOR DAILY—fresh water, clean wholesome feed, grit and the necessary greens and fruit constitute the average bird's needs. A bird does not like to live in squalor and their rich glossy plumage indicates proper care.

If you wish to give your bird a tid-bit it will relish and at the same time be good for it, give a few pine nuts daily. (this applies to all birds); a piece of cracked wheat bread is good for birds and will afford them a variety of diet.

Columbo

Continued from Page 5

of corroded lead lodged in the pistol barrel for years—had hit a mahogany dresser, then richocheted and struck Russ just below the eye.

It had entered his brain and he never regained consciousness afterward. He died at Hollywood Emergency Hospital while doctors were preparing to remove the bullet.

AT THE hospital when he died were Sally Blane and Russ' brother, John. Carole Lombard couldn't get there in time.

So golden-voiced Russ was dead—shot down by one of his best friends in a tragic accident—and his mother's heart was so bad that no one dared tell her. She had suffered a stroke and, though her physician, Dr. H. H. Blodgett, had saved her life, her eyesight was greatly impaired and she would never be wholly well again.

And so the great deception began. As Russ was being laid in his grave, the family told her that he'd suddenly been called to England for motion picture work.

"He'll be back soon," they said, "and while he's away he'll write every week as he's always done."

All Hollywood helped join in the merciful fraud. Newspapers were censored at the hospital before Mrs. Columbo could see them. Huge boxes of flowers came to her daily and each box bore the card "From Carole and Russ."

CAROLE Lombard, herself, came often to the hospital. She read some of Russ' letters to Mrs. Columbo—letters from England telling what a huge success he was having there.

After a while, Mrs. Columbo was able to leave the hospital and go home, but still they didn't dare tell her that Russ was dead.

"We thought the time would come when we could tell the news of his death to her," said Virginia Brissac, one time film actress, who had served as Russ' secretary. "But now we know we never can.

"She often asked when Russ was coming home, but, being a very marvellous and understanding mother, she always added, 'I don't want my boy to hurry home if he's doing so well over there. I'm very proud of him.'

"And she asks that the letters be read over and over again. She never tires of them."

THAT Christmas, Mrs. Columbo got a cablegram from London. It was signed "Russ."

That Christmas, "Russ" sent her costly presents—only they came from Carole Lombard and members of the film colony.

And the great deception kept on and on. Two years later, Mrs. Columbo, nearly blind now, celebrated her 50th wedding anniversary with her husband, Nicholas.

"I'm very happy," she said, "even if my son can't be here. He's still in England, you know, and having a marvelous success."

She stayed very happy until the end—Mrs. Columbo did—for though Carole Lombard tragically died and other friends fell away, there was always someone to write the letters and send the gifts from a son long dead now and laid to rest in a little cemetery in the California hills.

But Mrs. Columbo never knew. Hollywood never let her know. It kept on acting out a stranger story than it would have ever dared put on the screen—a very tender and touching story, too.

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On the Side

by E. V. DURLING

By the rivers of life we walked together,
I and my darling unafraid!
And lighter than any linnet's feather
The burdens of being on us weighed!
And love's sweet miracles o'er us threw
Mantles of joy, outlasting time!
And up from the rosy morrows grew
A sound that seemed like a marriage-chime.

—RICHARD REALF.

"HOW about quoting a poem for those of us who have been happily married for 30 years or more?" asks a Seattle subscriber. I hope the above will be satisfactory. If you haven't been married 30 years, why just paste this poem in your scrap book and save it for your 30th anniversary.

When I claimed that in Paris I saw a dog so small it could be put in a tea cup some clients expressed doubts as to the accuracy of this statement. Several even hinted that probably I had been too gay in Gay Paree. They suggested the dog was a figment of my imagination; something like seeing a parade of pink elephants. I have been gay in pre-war Paree but never that gay. Anyway, I now have proof that dogs as small as the aforementioned canine exist. I have before me a snapshot a kindly subscriber has sent me. It shows a three months old Chihuahua pup sleeping in a tea cup.

★ ★ ★

What product retails for 14 times as much as it costs to make? Give up? Why, it's Scotch whisky. A distiller can make a quart of Scotch for 40 cents. This retails in London for the equivalent of $5.60. The duty and tax on a quart of Scotch in England is equivalent of $3.68. Yes, sir; it is taxed for an amount more than nine times what it costs to make.

HOAGY CARMICHAEL, piano player and composer of very popular songs. So far over fifteen million records of his song, "Star Dust," have been sold . . . Sylvia Fine. Brilliant writer of bright stage material. Her husband is Danny Kaye. There should be a Back of the Man Club made up of women who have had much to do with the success of their husbands. And Sylvia should be president of it. For years Danny Kaye tried to get a foothold in entertainment world and had little success. Then he married Sylvia, immediately began writing his material. In less than a year Danny was a terrific hit in both the night clubs and theaters. Now he is being spoken of as Hollywood's best comedian. Perhaps he is. But he won't be if he ever loses the benefit of having his charming wife write his material.

★ ★ ★

From our Mules & Men file No. 118D. According to M. Dekobra, experienced young women have found the following expressions sure fire in winning the regard and affection of men: 1—"You're so different from other men." 2—"You have the power to hurt me so. I could hate you passionately if I didn't love you so intensely." 3—"Who taught you to kiss so wonderfully?" . . . Several star gazers now predict that the majority of people will within their life time see a woman president of the United States.

EVER see a flying fox? Neither have I. But there are such things. They are to be found in Ceylon. Are referred to by men of science as Pteropus Edwardsii. Some name, what? I must find out why these curious animals were so styled. Some American troops have been stationed in Ceylon. Imagine the surprise of some G.I. Joe from Brooklyn on looking up in the air and seeing a fox fly by.

★ ★ ★

A clinic for the childless. That's what every city should have. The most successful of such clinics is that conducted at the Carolinska Hospital in Stockholm, Sweden. Prof. Axel Westman, head of this clinic, has stated that 80 per cent of the childless women who have applied for advice and treatment have become mothers. In the past mothers were usually blamed for childless marriages. Scientific research has revealed that in about 40 per cent of childless marriages the husband is responsible.

WHY should postoffice cancellation stamps be all the same in form? Why couldn't each city have a distinctive cancellation stamp? For example, New York's stamp would include a picture of Father Knickerbocker, the Empire State Building or a sketch of Manhattan's skyline, Philadelphia's stamp would have a picture of the Liberty Bell; Brooklyn's stamp a sketch of the Brooklyn bridge; Atlantic City's stamp, a piece of salt water taffy; Cheyenne's a bucking bronco, and so on.

★ ★ ★

Never too late note: Mary Baker Eddy was 87 years of age when she established the Christian Science Monitor and directed its editorial policy . . . In what year in the 20th century did women wear the quaintest hats? That query requires considerable thought. However, if you decide to think about it your attention is called to the following, which is from an old magazine clipping sent in by a New York subscriber: The item is headed "Sparks From the Paris Openings" and states: "The smart woman of 1937 will wear Schiaparelli's black lacquered bread baskets filled with cherry blossoms and cellophane butterflies. Or a bird cage hat with a horsehair brim. Or a fireman's hat with gold strings."

THE film industry is soon to be revolutionized again, as it was when the talking picture was introduced. This time the cause will be the perfection of three dimensional films. This type of film will make a moving picture look just like a play with living actors on the stage of a theater . . . What genius originated that breed of chicken known as the Rhode Island Red? He really started something. Representatives of this breed are continually being reported for doing the unusual in the matter of egg laying. A Rhode Island Red hen of Bath, England, recently produced an egg daily for six months. Not only that, she produced a double yolked egg and a single yolk egg on alternate days for the entire period.

El Senor Aids Romance

Continued from Page 3

ice overseas in the Army Air Force.

Curiously enough, she had refused to meet him when invited to a party for that purpose, thereby winning the distinction of being probably the first girl in the world to pass up such an opportunity. Kay stayed away from the party, she says, out of sheer shyness, but when Gable heard about it he arranged a later meeting with her through friends.

THE two developed, from the first, a comradeship which has grown to the point of romance. Gable had been away from Hollywood a long time, and he had gone into the Army still under the shock and grief of the death of his beautiful wife, Carole Lombard, who was killed in a plane crash during notable sevice to her country.

He found Kay companionable and intelligent, sharing his own simple tastes, like him a devotee of sports and outdoor life. They went hunting and fishing and rode horseback together. It seemed to Gable's friends that he had again found relaxation and happiness in the companionship of a girl who, like himself, had the respect and the admiration of the film colony.

He had returned from combat action as a hero, wearing the Silver Star for valor. He had proved himself, in every respect, a fine soldier, ungrudgingly renouncing his great career to offer himself in humble capacity for his country's needs. His gallantry and modesty had won the deep respect of his fellow-soldiers. The fact that he had enlisted as a buck private when he might have wangled a fancy commission had been one thing more in his favor.

So it was no wonder that Hollywood was pleased to discover that one of the best-loved and most popular men in the community was finding happiness again, after the searing tragedy of Carole Lombard's death.

Those most devoted to him were pleased, too, that he had chosen for his frequent companion a friendly, unassuming girl like Kay—a glamour girl in her own right, but a girl devoid of the glamour pose which is the trademark of so many Hollywood beauties.

KAY had been brought up on a farm—she used to run her father's tractor—and she had retained a taste for simplicity. She used very little make-up to heighten her fresh, healthy beauty. Night clubs were a special occasion to her, rather than a habit.

She lived with her mother in a small cottage in which she did her full share of housekeeping and cooking, without employing a servant. From the time of her association with Clark Gable, she had shunned any publicity that would capitalize their friendship.

"Publicity is often harmful to a friendship like ours," she once sensibly remarked, when pressed for details. "Clark and I simply have wonderful times together, but if you don't mind I'd rather not talk about him."

Gable himself, who was never a playboy, and to whom his Army experience had given a new and serious dignity, has told friends that Kay is "a real companion." But lately, it would seem that she has become something more to him.

Kay is wearing a sparkler heavy with carats on her engagement finger, since her birthday a few days ago, and while she doesn't admit it is Gable's gift she doesn't exactly deny it. A diamond wrist watch and a magnificent heavy gold-linked bracelet find her equally noncommittal to questioners.

SHE is being very serious about her career, and if she is planning marriage she has given no direct indication to her studio, and has accepted two important forthcoming roles which are expected to lead to stardom, for she is a good actress with both beauty and personality.

But she still goes out with Clark Gable, and is very obviously his "best girl." Her companionship has brought him out of the darkness of solitude into which he shrank after the tragedy of Carole Lombard's death.

Those who know Kay best say there is something about her reminiscent of Carole—a gay, light-hearted quality, a friendly, comradely gift for friendship. And like Carole, she shares Gable's interests and enthusiasms.

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